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RELIGION AND RECOVERY

Editorial Foreword

SUNDAY morning of the day General Hugh S. Johnson explained over the radio the plan and purpose of the National Recovery Act, I attended the early service of a church in a summer resort near one of the large cities. The congregation was made up of the families of men of affairs and responsibilities who have only week-ends off even in summer. It would be normal for them and their children to devote the entire Sunday to sport and recreation. I expected to find only a few elderly women in the church. To my surprise, I found, instead, a church comfortably filled with husbands and wives and children. This early morning service was as festive as any of the out-of-door events which occupied the remainder of the holiday. A band of boys and girls in gay red robes marched singing up the aisle and occupied the choir stalls. In another hour these children would be scattered over the landscape, shouting and laughing, playing their games and sailing their boats. But they had come to this early service eagerly and were enjoying the hour of worship as much as any of the games of the day. It was a smiling, quietly whispering congregation, assembled in all simplicity to consecrate to their Creator a day of recreation.

This gay spirit of dedication reminded some of us of that little church in Siena where the horses are taken to be sprinkled with holy water before entering the annual race in the Public Square. The priest's study serves also as clubroom for trophies and photographs of the winning horses. Religion can be a thing of smiles and serenity, instead of frowns and gloom. Smiling congregations are perhaps not an unusual phenomenon of our National Recovery. It is more blessed to praise than to pray.

II

RELIGION has been under heavy fire since the World War. Religion has been called a failure on the ground that, for all its noble postulates, it did not keep mankind from the blind hatreds of the war. Religion has been called futile because it did not restrain us from the equally blind selfishness that brought on the Great Depression. In Russia, religion has been outlawed as a moral opiate. In America, young intellectuals have turned up their noses at religion as something too naïve for our generation. A faith in things unseen cannot be proved and does not belong, they feel, to a rational civilization. But faith by its very nature eludes proof. Religion is a higher function of the emotions, just as logic is a higher function of reason, as so many writers, defending religion in THE FORUM against the scrutiny of iconoclasts, have explained. It has not yet

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been proved that reason is more important to man than emotion.

If religious faith is not subject to absolute proof — and it is usually almost as elusive as the changing theories of science — religion equally eludes exact definition. It would be hard to satisfy a sincere Buddhist and a devout Christian with the same definition. Even Jew and Quaker might find it difficult to agree on a common denominator. Yet, as Dean Inge explained once in THE FORUM, the ethics of Jesus the Jew should be acceptable to any broad-minded Buddhist, for it was not Christianity that Jesus taught but fundamental religion. Religion is a joyful imponderability that defies definition; it is the desire of the moth for the star; it is the joy of unselfish living. Most of us apply the word religion unconsciously to any transcending, unselfish passion. Though for myself I define religion as belief in a personal god related to human emotions, I am willing to admit to the glad fellowship of religion any ruling passion or way of life that transcends personal selfishness. Though a member of one of the quieter Christian sects, I can recite a variety of creeds with the fervor of a fundamentalist. I know that I can no more prove a single statement of the creed to the satisfaction of a Harvard freshman than I can demonstrate that Einstein has outlawed Newton, but I refuse to deny myself the spiritual joy that comes from the assumption of these tentative hypotheses.

The disgust that many have for religion is due to the disunity and petty arrogancies of the sects, especially among Buddhists and Protestants. These critics fail to see the essential unity that maturer minds perceive, as when Dean Inge observes that Jesus preached something more profound even than Christianity. Again, American youths in particular are appalled by the bigoted, once-a-week, hypocritical perversions of Christianity that they have experienced in their childhood, the distortions assembled for them so dramatically in *Elmer Gantry*. They say that Christianity has been tried and found wanting.

They are happily mistaken. The fact is, of course, that Christianity in modern society has not yet even been tried. Anyone who reads with a literal mind the sermon on the mount realizes that at once. Our participation in the World War, for all its pagan nobility and the waving of flags and crucifixes, was as unrelated to absolute religion as the impetuous individualism that plunged us into the Depression. Unlike Newton's doctrine of gravity and Darwin's theory of evolution, it is highly probable that the light kindled in Galilee will never be put out. Where has mankind produced a more radioactive ethic than the teachings of Jesus? Faith, hope, and charity transcend the wisdom even of the Greeks. The commandment "Love thy neighbor as thyself" embraces all laws, all wars. It solves all personal problems. It eliminates, automatically, selfishness, condemnation, anger, and doubt. It is a complete, joyful way of life for social man.

III

THESE principles of religion are about to be applied in America in the partnership of business and politics. This is the first time, perhaps, since the Middle Ages, that religion is to be tried out on a national scale. General Johnson's exhortation to the nation's business and labor to carry out the National Recovery Act was a remarkable document and — with due respect to historians who are always seeing analogies — a manifestation both unique and unprecedented. This Act is not Socialism, nor is it Fascism. Although the General in his homespun language did not use the words deity or religion, the whole program is, in fact, an application of the commandment "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Under national regulation, we are all to co-operate until each of our neighbors has a share in the nation's work. At the same time, we are to maintain self-respect and initiative. American individualism is to be made socially helpful. General Johnson mentioned faith; he also mentioned hope. Both are returning.

On March fourth, the President went from a house of worship to his inaugural, where he proclaimed a return to the ancient virtues. Our National Recovery is not a victory for the Church, but it is a reaffirmation of the simple and unescapable — and periodically forgotten truths of religion.

Henry Goddard Leach

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WHAT RELIGION MEANS TO ME

BY MARY PICKFORD

Drawing by Marcel Maurel

EXPLAINING religion is an unusual rôle for me to attempt, and, I don't mind confessing, a difficult one; not that I am hesitant about sharing such intimate views with others, but chiefly because I don't know that I have skill enough to do it convincingly. My problem is not how and what I feel about spiritual things but how to write them down on paper intelligently. It is like trying to measure the heavens with a yardstick; but even that, I suppose, can be done after a fashion, and so after a fashion, I shall set down what religion means to me.

I have always had the feeling that religion was something to be lived, not discussed. Perhaps that is what has been the matter with it; we've spent too much time talking about it and not enough trying to live it. Talking about religion involves one in definitions, and definitions can be distressfully hampering, like unattractive high fences which shut in and shut out thought and breed all sorts of misunderstandings and confusion. And this seems particularly true when religion is involved. We use the same terms and words and yet mean different things.

Frankly, religious definitions give me cold shudders; they seem so unrelated to practical every-day living, so stiff, so squeaky. This may be due in part to the fact that when I was a little girl I had so many antiquated and quite terrible theories about religion drilled into me by well-meaning teachers, that it was years before the fear they implanted in me left. I still have vivid crayon-like memories of that God who I thought ran the universe. He was a severe old gentleman with a long white beard, sitting on a golden throne in the skies, who seemed to spend most of His time trying to catch people, and particularly me, in mistakes and sins for the sole purpose of punishing them. I devotedly prayed to Him; I was afraid not to, as they told me His displeasure was devastating. That He might help me in a friendly, understanding way was too good to be true. He seemed to be too far away to help, but very near if punishment were needed. My little homemade prayers were seldom answered, but this, I suspected, was due to the fact that our family was poor and unimportant.

But there was one who never failed us children. No matter how bad times got, how empty the larder, or how complicated our personal problems, we knew that our mother was always there with the answer. We knew that she would take care of everything and she always did. We kids had no worry, no concern, no anxiety. We knew that no matter what might happen, and plenty did, she would never fail

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us, and throughout her beautiful and constructive life she never did. It was through my mother that I first learned what the term "love" really means. She diffused love in all directions as a flower diffuses perfume, and as I began to grasp the meaning of this, the severe old gentleman with the white beard and the throne was swept out of the skies, and a beautiful sense of universal love began filling the spaces around me. Here was a new idea of God for me. He was not here, not over there, but everywhere present. He was Mind, Life, Wisdom, Love . . . the Source of all good . . . understanding, friendly, helpful!

When I learned that the term "good" was but another synonym for God, religion began taking on a different meaning. I could translate it into a matter of goodness. Thinking good, expressing good, and particularly identifying good in everybody and everything. It wasn't a question of being "piously good" or of "squeaking with goodness," but of utilizing good in a practical way. To me the quest for good, even in the humblest task, was identical with the quest for God. The good element to me became the God element, and the more I came to know about good in its innumerable phases, the more I came to know about God. After all, living divinely is quite simple if we can but uncomplicate ourselves.

II

I HAD NOT gone far in my new spiritual explorations before I discovered that the most important thing I had to contend with at all times was my thinking. I had been accustomed to watching outward effects, and it was somewhat disconcerting to find that what I saw without was the result of what I was thinking within, that as thoughts made up my conscious existence, so in turn my conscious existence determined my outward experiences. I found that my personal, private thinking was diffusing itself in all directions, without the aid of words, and was bringing back into my experience like for like, more often than not "pressed down and running over." It was like an echo, flinging back at me what I myself had sent out. Perhaps that is just what it was — an echo, a cosmic echo. But it taught me never to go before an audience, or in front of motion picture cameras, without thoroughly inspecting my thinking . . . mental attitudes . . . motives, and being sure that my thought display was the best I could assemble for the occasion. We are learning slowly, but nevertheless learning, in the professional world of the stage and the theatre, that even the finest acting technique and skill cannot hide the flavor of the thinking back of it.

I like to think of religion as an attitude of thought, a way of living. This helps keep it fluid and practical. The goal? Perfection! Isn't that what all of us are really striving for — greater perfection in being and expression? But as I admit that I am seeking greater perfection, am I not saying in other words, "I am seeking God?" May I not in all reverence and intellectual honesty use the term "perfection" for God, if by so doing, I get a closer understanding of Him and our relationship?

The way of perfection is simple but difficult. To me it means being one's best, doing one's best, and looking for the best in the other fellow. It requires discipline and continuous effort, but it is one of the happiest ways through the tangle of human living. That very wise carpenter who lived many years ago must have understood this when he said, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

So my God, instead of remaining a hazy, vague abstraction, has become a vitalizing presence, like space, everywhere present, everywhere available. Recently, a friend was telling a group of small boys about God and His allness and nearness, pointing out to them that there is no place where God is not. She paused for a moment and one of them asked abruptly, "Well, is God in the jails?" Somewhat puzzled for an immediate answer within the radius of the understanding of the boys, she used a teacher's protective device and put the question back to the class. None of them had an answer with the exception of the smallest, and he said quite condescendingly, "God's in the jails, but those birds inside don't know it." I wish I had got him to write this article for me. I suggest that that young philosopher knew that if God isn't everywhere, He isn't anywhere.

III

AS I EXPLORED along my spiritual trail, I began to see more clearly why the world's

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greatest thinkers have placed such emphasis on the term "love." "Love God" and "Love your neighbor" they advised. They must have seen with great clearness something that I was just dimly beginning to grasp, and that was that love is the power of the universe, the intelligence which runs its entire mechanism — not only runs it, but maintains and sustains it. I learned through many experiences that a higher law than my own regulates all things, and through the same experiences I learned that love is something far greater than a sentiment or the expression of an emotion; that it is law moving the cosmos in harmonious, rhythmic order and flowing through each of us like life, vitalizing us and everything we do, if we but intelligently make way for it.

Collectively and individually, our world is learning bitter lessons these days. We have made mistakes, terrible mistakes. Greed, selfishness, and unkindness have always brought in disaster and misery, and always will. How can such things possibly exist in a cosmos permeated with the dynamic forces of love? We manage to elude our man-made laws, but I am not so sure that we are as successful with the unseen, spiritual laws. Someone once said that we couldn't possibly break the Ten Commandments any more than we could break sunshine, but that jails, asylums, and other public institutions were filled with men and women that the Ten Commandments have broken. We don't break spiritual laws, but they seem to have a way of breaking us.

Everyone I know has some kind of remedy for solving our present troubles, but many of them sound like the advice about repainting the pump to improve the well water. How can we ever improve anything, ourselves or international problems, without getting back into the causes and improving things there? What about our mental attitudes, our motives? How have they been functioning? And may I humbly ask this: Is not religion merely a practical and efficient way of cleaning and fumigating our mental houses and keeping them tidy and orderly?

Frankly, I do not see how we can make real headway with our personal, national, and international difficulties until we realize that each of us is a definite part of a universal whole and that, as part of this universal whole, each of us has to live for the other fellow. It makes no difference who he is, where he is, or what he may be doing, he lives for the other fellow at all times and under all circumstances. This means, of course, pure giving instead of self-seeking. I know that it sounds utopian, possibly impractical, but we seem to have tried and failed with all the other methods, and I have the growing conviction that behind those simple sounding directions, "Love God" and "Love your neighbor," are tremendous laws of far-reaching effect that will work harmoniously with us as soon as we are humble and wise enough to relate ourselves to them. And is not the sincere desire to know more about these laws and their operation but another definition of religion? True, creeds and forms and ceremonies and ritual and tradition may be missing, but is it not a practical way to greater truth, greater knowledge of God?

IV

Life has brought much to me. I have been on great heights, I have been plunged into what seemed bottomless pits. I know the meaning of hardship, poverty, loneliness, struggle, and failure. I have known great sorrow and bitter heartaches. But I have had my full share of what the world calls fame, wealth, power, and influence. I look back, and the experiences are amazing and extraordinary to have happened in one life-time. I wonder! Is it possible that all of us have been chasing phantoms? Running after mirages? Have we lost our sense of values? Are we putting our individual and collective emphasis on the wrong things? I wonder!

I don't know the answer to it all. I wish I did. We are living in the midst of such a swiftly changing world that it is hard to get the right perspective. The old order is gone. We are being catapulted into "a new heaven and earth." It is bewildering, to say the least. No longer can we cling to the old supports; they have broken and let us down. The world is grasping for something beyond the tottering material effects. It wants religion, it needs religion, but more than anything else, I believe, it needs a restatement of religion, the lifting of a helpful and beautiful thing out of intricate definitions and gestures into something as simple and as useful as breathing.

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THE NEW DOLLAR

BY GEORGE F. WARREN

In the April number of The Forum, the fundamental relationships of gold and prices were discussed. A new factor has now appeared, because the United States has suspended the gold standard, and the dollar varies from day to day in gold value. When the dollar weakens, prices strengthen.

Many persons, particularly in foreign countries, are unable to understand why the United States left the gold standard when it had a large amount of gold. It was forced off the gold standard just as truly as England was forced off. In the case of England, foreign withdrawals of gold were more important than domestic withdrawals. In the United States, domestic withdrawals were more important. The breakdown came, first, through failure of the whole credit structure from banks to life insurance companies to be able to meet the demands of creditors and, secondly, through the desire of persons in this and other countries to convert all of their credits into gold. The reason for this was not merely lack of confidence. Many of the credit institutions were utterly insolvent and others were rapidly becoming so. In such a situation, the desire to convert credits into gold was merely a recognition of the credit situation in the country. Furthermore, foreigners were rapidly converting their available credits into gold.

On March 6, the gold standard was suspended, and all banks were closed. When the banks reopened, the dollar was kept at par in foreign exchange, although persons in this country could not withdraw gold. This held prices on the gold standard just as the same policy has done in other countries on innumerable occasions. Some buying did develop in expectation that this situation was temporary and that we would have to leave the gold standard. As a result of this buying, and possibly because prices may have gone too low even for the gold supply, prices of 17 basic commodities rose 15 per cent from February 28 to April 17.

The Gold Value of the Dollar

On April 19, the attempt to maintain the dollar at par in foreign exchange was abandoned, and the dollar immediately dropped in gold value. Since there is no free market for gold in this country, it is necessary to look to other markets to determine the value of the dollar. In England, there is a market for gold and for dollars. On April 20, an ounce of gold was worth $23.20 in London, or 12 per cent above par. Average prices of 17 basic commodities rose 12 per cent from April 17 to 20.

At first, the more important international basic commodities such as wheat, lard, cotton, rubber, and copper advanced in price about the same as the advance in the price of gold, but as soon as business began to improve from rising prices, the usual differences developed between commodities for which the demand is fairly stable and commodities for which the demand is flexible. When business conditions improve, there is only a small increase in the demand for wheat but an immediate and striking increase in the demand for shoes and clothing.

From February 28 to April 17, the price of wheat in New York City advanced 24 per cent. This was largely due to the poor condition of the winter wheat crop and to speculative buying which developed in anticipation of the suspension of the gold standard. Possibly a part of the rise may have been due to an overdepressed market on February 28.

On April 17, number 2 red wheat in Chicago sold for 62.5 cents. At this time the dollar was at par so that a bushel of wheat exchanged for 14.5 grains of gold. On June 22, a bushel of wheat was worth 78.5 cents, but on this date 18.7 grains of gold in London were worth one dollar, so that a bushel of wheat was worth

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14.7 grains of gold. The price of wheat was fairly stable in gold, so that the rise of 25 per cent was due to depreciation in the value of the dollar. In the last week in June, a rise relative to gold occurred because of drought.

In the first two days after the suspension of the gold standard, the price of gold rose 12 per cent, and the price of cotton in New York increased 12 per cent, while the Liverpool price was practically stationary, in fact dropped slightly. As soon as the price of cotton began to rise, cotton growers and others began to buy clothing. Cotton mills have steadily increased their activities. The rise in cotton, therefore, was due, first, to the depreciation of the dollar and, secondly, to the resulting increased demand for cotton. Print cloths rose 57 per cent from April 17 to June 3. If the gold value of the dollar is reduced by a sufficient amount to make it possible to pay debts and taxes, and otherwise restore prosperity, the increased demand for cotton may quickly eliminate the supposed surplus. A real inventory to show whether or not we have a surplus of cotton should include the shirts and sheets as well as the bales. No such inventory is available, but probably we have one of the greatest shortages of textiles in the stores and homes that has ever occurred, and it would not be surprising if the combined inventory is low. The idea that the agricultural depression was due to a surplus of farm products is likely to look very amusing, if we restore prices and get men back to work. Wool responded in much the same way as cotton. Prices in Boston rose 55 per cent from April 17 to June 3. The supposed surplus evaporated.

Prices of silver are influenced by the gold value of the dollar and by the possibility of remonetization. On several occasions, when some statement indicating possible remonetization has been made, silver has increased in gold value, but as a whole it has followed gold fairly closely. On April 17, silver was quoted at 28.6 cents and on June 22 at 35.75 cents. At each date an ounce of gold would buy about 72 ounces of silver. The rise in price was due to the lower gold value of the dollar.

Restoration of Price Equilibrium

Something of the chaos in the price structure is indicated by the following table:

Average Prices, When 1910–14 = 100

	February	*May*
Wholesale prices of all commodities.	87	92
Wholesale prices of 30 basic commodities	66	81
Prices paid to farmers for food	51	70
Retail prices of the same food	97	103
Costs of distribution of the same food	143	133
Wages of farm labor	72	
Wages of city labor varied from less than 100 to more than 200		

Reflation causes a restoration of equilibrium in the price structure, the beginnings of which are evident. Prices paid to farmers for food products rose from an index of 51 in February to 70 in May. Prices of 30 basic commodities increased from 66 in February to 95 for May. All commodities respond more slowly, because many kinds of manufactured goods are involved. The increase in prices of all commodities was from 87 in February to 94 for June 17.

From February 15 to May 15, wheat in New York City rose from 68 cents to $1.02 per bushel, an increase of 34 cents, or 50 per cent. Wheat on Kansas farms increased from 28 cents to 59 cents, a rise of 31 cents, or 111 per cent. If one had owned $100 worth of wheat in New York City on February 15, he could have sold it for $150 on May 15. If he had owned $100 worth on a Kansas farm, he could have sold it for $211 on May 15.

Corn in New York City increased from 40 to 61 cents in the same three months, or 21 cents a bushel, or 53 per cent. On Nebraska farms, it increased from 12 to 30 cents, which is 18 cents a bushel, or 150 per cent.

This shows the method by which equilibrium will be restored in the price structure by reflation. A considerable further reduction in the value of the dollar will be necessary to restore equilibrium. In February, farmers received 51 per cent of pre-war prices for food which they sold, but costs of distribution were 143, so that consumers paid nearly pre-war prices for food which the farmers sold at half of pre-war. To bring about equilibrium, retail prices will have to rise to about 50 per cent above pre-war before farm prices can come into adjustment with retail prices and costs of distribution.

A clear distinction should be made between reflation and inflation. Before the war when farm prices and retail prices were in reasonably close equilibrium, a rise in prices threw retail

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prices out of line with wages, freight rates, and other costs of distribution, because the latter lagged. When farm prices are at 50, retail prices at 100, and costs of distribution at 150, a rise in prices restores equilibrium.

The long-time trend of wages in the United States is to rise in purchasing power at the rate of 1.71 per cent per year. This is practically the same as the normal increase in output of commodities per capita. The buying power of wages is thrown out of line by either inflation or deflation. A restoration of the price level would avoid the long years of unemployment that are an inevitable accompaniment of deflation.

If the pre-war trend of wages had continued to 1934, and if wholesale prices had remained at the 1910–14 level, or 100, wages would be expected to have been 144, which is the normal increase in purchasing power in 21.5 years.

If wholesale prices should return to the 1926 level (146 when 1910–14 equals 100), wages would be expected to be 210.

Union wage rates in 1926 were 235, farm wages 171; wages of government employees 161; and college professors 157. Wages at the present time are in utter chaos. Many persons are working on farms and elsewhere for less than pre-war wages. Some workers are receiving almost as much as they did in 1929. A restoration of the commodity price level will gradually bring approximate equilibrium in wage rates for different kinds of work.

If wholesale prices of all commodities are restored to the 1926 level — and the cost-of-living index is somewhat higher than the all-commodity index but somewhat lower than it was in 1929, as is to be expected — it is probable that the general level of all wages will return, approximately to the 1926 level. Wages paid to farm labor were relatively low in 1926. They would probably rise above the 1926 level. Wages in the construction industry were relatively high in 1926 and might not return to that level.

If, instead of reflation, the deflation process is resumed, the chaos of 1932 will begin all over again.

If a policy is followed which will raise commodity prices much above the level of 1926, the type of price relationships that developed from 1916 to 1917 would occur.

Can the Old Dollar Be Restored?

Everyone has to do business at the price level of the day in which he lives. Even distinguished bankers have not been freed from this rule and have had heavy losses when prices have declined. During the period when prices were 40 to 100 per cent above pre-war, our whole debt and price structure became adjusted to high prices. This was not due to any fault which might be called our own. It was due to the reduced world-demand for gold. Practically all of the business experiences of men who are under 40 years of age have occurred at these high price levels. When the world attempted to return to the gold standard and we attempted to maintain our pre-war currency, we were confronted with the inevitable collapse in commodity prices and the inevitable collapse of business and credit which a collapse in commodity prices causes. This has no relationship to any ordinary business cycle, nor do we find a comparable situation in our previous history. The decline in prices or the amount of deflation is so much greater than that which followed the Civil War that the mere statement that we weathered the Civil War depression without revaluation does not mean that we could go through with this depression in the same way. Conditions are very different from what they were in the pioneer days following the Civil War, when the unemployed could go to new land and when we were mostly farmers, but even more important, the amount of deflation necessary is far greater than that which was necessary in the Panic of 1873.

No modern nation has ever carried through an amount of deflation such as we attempted but have now found impossible to carry out. We were confronted with the necessity of cutting the whole public and private debt and tax structure to the reduced prices; reducing freight rates, railroad bonds, life insurance policies; defaulting by cities in a wholesale way; and continuing unemployment. Fortunately, before social chaos developed, we were forced off the gold standard. There was only enough gold to supply those who wished it for a few more days, when we suspended the privilege of withdrawing it. It is quite immaterial whether the people who withdraw the gold live in France, the

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United States, or in England, the result is precisely the same.

If at any time we attempt to restore the gold dollar containing 23.22 grains of gold, and require that the debts be paid in such dollars, we shall simply be resuming the chaos which was just ahead of us when we were forced off the gold standard.

The only alternative to reducing the debt and price structure to the value of gold is to revalue the dollar so as to raise the price structure to the level to which debts, taxes, and other charges are most nearly adjusted. There are a number of ways by which the value of the dollar can be reduced.

In 1928, the world's gold supply had increased 38 per cent above pre-war. The world physical volume of production of all commodities increased less rapidly than normal but was also 38 per cent greater than before the war. Pre-war prices were, therefore, to be expected as soon as the demand for gold returned. The crash in the price structure occurred soon after France returned to the gold basis. While there is gold enough for pre-war prices under a normal situation, the world demand for gold is frantic and will undoubtedly remain so for some years. It is, therefore, practically certain that prices in any country that maintains its pre-war currency will average below pre-war for the next ten years. Our commodity price level was 87 in February, when pre-war is 100. Of course, if a large part of the world should definitely demonetize gold and dump its supply on the market, gold would lose value, but this is not probable. Merely being off the gold standard, when a country is desiring to build up its gold reserves, does not reduce demand. In fact, it makes the demand of that country effective. World demand for gold is frantic, even though nearly all of the countries are off the gold standard.

Some persons have thought that gold production would raise prices because more gold was produced last year than in any previous year. In order to increase the gold supply as fast as the normal growth in business, mining must be sufficient to take care of industrial uses and add about 3 per cent to the monetary stocks. Long years of experience have shown that this requires a production of about 5.6 per cent of monetary stocks. The present gold production is only about three-fourths of this amount. It would call for a price decline of 1 per cent per year. In short, the world gold supply and the world goods-production call for pre-war prices in pre-war currencies, with a gradual decline until vast new sources of gold are discovered. Since our debt, tax, and price structure is adjusted to a price level of about 40 per cent above pre-war, the world gold supply is wholly inadequate for our needs if we attempt to restore a pre-war currency.

It would be a great calamity to be deluded into thinking that the rise in prices which has come from a decline in the gold value of the dollar is due to currency, credit, or government control of agriculture and industry, all of which came later. None of these can succeed except as the gold content of the dollar is reduced, and if the gold content of the dollar is reduced by the right amount, none of these is necessary.

When the currency is redeemable in any metal, its value is determined by the world supply of, and world demand for, that metal. If the former gold-using world returns to a gold basis, or continues to bid for gold, this demand with the present supply will make commodity prices average below pre-war for any country that attempts to re-establish its pre-war currency. A country can set either the price level it desires or the amount of metal it desires to have in its money. It cannot do both. If we desire a higher price level it means a dollar of less gold value.

The overwhelming vote and public approval of the invalidation of the Gold Clause is a clear indication that the American people are not going back to a dollar containing 23.22 grains of gold. If there were any intention of restoring such a dollar, there would have been no point to invalidation of the gold clause. Even if an attempt were made to restore such a dollar, the results of the resumption of deflation would quickly cause such a credit and social reaction as to bring drastic, if not radical, legislation.

What Will the New Dollar Be?

The next fight between the bitter-end deflationists and the reflationists will be over the amount of gold in the new dollar.

One deflation proposal is to let the dollar seek its natural level. There is no such thing as a natural level any more than there is a natural

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bushel. The gold content of the dollar is determined by law, not by any supernatural plan.

The deflationists are arguing for international agreement, knowing that England and France wish us to revalue at a high level. The problem is primarily an internal one of restoring a balance in prices, taxes, and debts, and of starting employment. No international considerations should be allowed to interfere with this procedure. The United States should revalue the dollar at the level which is best for our own internal affairs.

Those in power in England are too deflationary. They have not allowed the pound to sink in value enough to restore employment and the price level that prevailed at the time the public and private debts were contracted. Reflation in England probably would require a reduction in the gold content of the pound of at least 40 per cent. The present government of England seems to prefer to keep the reduction at about 30 per cent, but the English are very insistent that the Americans should not reduce as much as the English. Each country should revalue its currency on such a basis as to restore the balance in its internal price, tax, and debt structure, and enough to start employment. If each country proceeds in this manner, international relationships will automatically be brought into reasonably close adjustment.

The Bureau of Labor now publishes its index number of wholesale prices of all commodities with the year 1926 as 100. On this basis the index number for the 15 years, 1918 to 1932 inclusive, average 102. The average for March was 60 and for June 17 was 65.

A number of estimates have been made as to the price level that prevailed at the time the present public and private debts were contracted. These estimates indicate that the price level was nearly equal to 1926 prices.

Studies of life insurance policies indicate that these savings were made at an average price level close to the 15-year average, or the level of 1926 prices.

Costs of distribution which are so important to agriculture are now about equal to what wholesale prices were in 1926. These costs would rise somewhat with a rise in prices, so that it would require a wholesale commodity price level higher than 1926 to restore prices that farmers receive to their normal percentage of the retail price and to bring prices of things which they buy into adjustment with prices of things which they sell. These considerations of equity indicate that it is necessary approximately to restore the wholesale commodity price level of 1926.

More important than any theoretical abstraction of equity is a problem of getting men back to work at their regular jobs. To do this the price level must rise high enough to restore equities in city homes and farms. If this is not done, bankruptcies must continue. So long as there are vast numbers of bankrupt homes and farms on the market, there will be little building, and serious unemployment will continue. Promptness in getting men back to work at their regular jobs is important. The higher the price level rises, the quicker this will occur. It is also important that profits occur. This is the only way in which public budgets can be balanced. Local finances are so exhausted that the Federal Government is incurring an enormous deficit for relief. This process cannot go on.

The table below shows various amounts of reduction in the gold content of the dollar and the consequent increases in the price of gold. Prices of commodities follow the change in the price of gold. That is, if the price of gold were raised 50 per cent, wholesale commodity prices would be raised about 50 per cent. Basic commodities were low and change quickly. They were first restored to the all-commodity level and will out-run the average of all commodities for a time. The average of all commodities changes slowly but is gradually brought into adjustment with the price of gold. Retail prices will rise by a much smaller percentage.

	Gold content of the dollar		*Price of gold per ounce*	
	Grains	*Percentage reduction*	*Price*	*Percentage Increase*
Par value	23.22	0	$20.67	0
Market price June 22, 1933	18.70	19	25.67	24
One-third reduction	15.48	33	31.01	50
Recommended by the Committee for the Nation	13.27	43	36.17	75
Limit of the President's authority	11.61	50	41.34	100

It is impossible to return to the old dollar because the credit structure will not stand such

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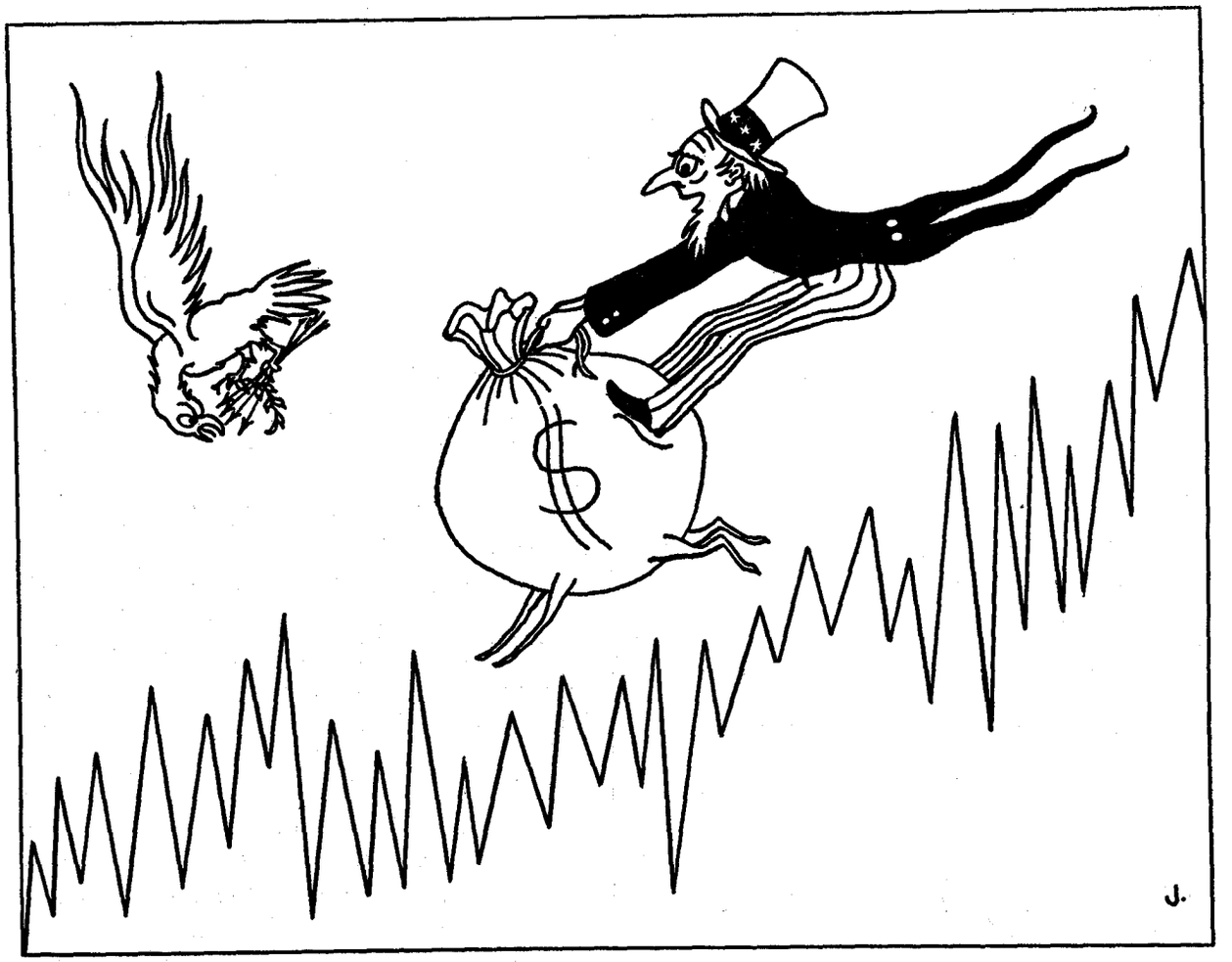

"Whoa, Dollar, whoa!"

a strain, and the social structure will not tolerate it. If the dollar were stabilized at the June price of gold, it would mean the continuance of serious deflation. It is probable that the public would not tolerate such a procedure.

If the gold content of the dollar is reduced by one-third, or the price of gold raised 50 per cent, gradual recovery will occur.

The Committee for the Nation, which is an organization of business men and national farm organizations, recommends that the price of gold be raised 75 per cent, or that the gold content of the dollar be reduced 42.8 per cent. This would make the dollar contain 13.27 grains of gold. This would bring quick recovery, quickly put men back to work, and quickly balance public budgets.

The legal limit which the President is allowed to reduce the gold content of the dollar is 50 per cent. This would result in some inflation.

If desired, a dollar based on gold and silver could be adopted. If this is done, symmetalism, or an "amalgum" dollar is probably preferable to bimetallism. Such a dollar might contain, say 12 grains of gold plus 100 grains of silver. This would put a strain on the world supply of silver for a time.

A Stable Measure of Value

When most men were farmers and were nearly self-sufficient, a single commodity used as a medium of exchange and deferred payments were never satisfactory. Now that division of labor and the use of credit have developed to the high degree that has made modern civilization possible, such a medium of exchange and debt payment is a serious menace to any organization of society based on private enterprise.

It is time for us to adopt a stable measure of value, rather than continue to have human relationships subject to the supply of, and demand for, a single commodity. There are many ways of establishing such a measure of value.

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WILL THE HAPSBURGS RULE AGAIN?

BY CHARLES LEACOCK

FROM THIS side of the water, restoration of the Hapsburgs as Emperors of Austria and Kings of Hungary would be regarded as an astonishing anachronism. For most Americans have consigned to the limbo of forgotten things those dual monarchs whose ancient principle of *divide et impera* revealed the benumbing inhibitions that cursed their line from Charlemagne to Francis Joseph. But it is "in the works," this scheme and Sacred Cause of the Hungarian Legitimists, and within the next three or four months there is every prospect of a showdown. International if not domestic events may precipitate it. Central Europe is deadlocked but seething.

Hungary, few of us realize, is still a monarchy, and Admiral Horthy — that brave and ruthless sailor with the cruel mouth — is Regent. He is a royalist. But he is not a Legitimist. He will have none of the alien Hapsburgs. He favors a national, an Hungarian king. 'Tis said he favors Horthy.

It will contribute to our appreciation of the Danubian drama if we go back a bit and pick up the skeins of the plot.

In October, 1918, when the Red tide rose, Charles IV, Emperor of the Austrians and King of Hungary, fled to Switzerland, ancestral home of the Hapsburgs. He did not abdicate. A few months after Admiral Horthy's successful White counter-revolution of August 1, 1919, His Majesty returned to Budapest secretly, by automobile; secretly, but with regal confidence, for was not his worthy henchman, the Regent Horthy, master of the situation — there to receive him and faithful to his trust? He was. But was he faithful?

"Sire," in effect said Horthy (untruthfully, according to the hotly contested book of Charles' secretary, Borovicheny, *The King and His Regent*), a day or so after his royal master's unannounced arrival, "the Czechs and the Jugoslavs are mobilizing! Their troops have crossed our borders. Here are dispatches from the frontiers (forged, charges Borovicheny, who resigned his post at the Foreign Office, in protest). The peace of Europe is threatened! Your Majesty must retire."

His Majesty did — by special train to Switzerland again, dejected but not defeated — not then. Defenders of Horthy and Goemboes, without repudiating Borovicheny, who was nevertheless subsequently exiled, stoutly

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maintain that in consequence of Charles' retirement the peace of Europe *was* preserved.

Again in 1921, persuaded by the Empress Zita, Borovicheny, and, it is said, the French Foreign Office — then headed by Briand, who later denied he had promised support — Charles staged another and more disastrous *putsch*. By plane, this time, to Western Hungary. Budapest acclaimed him. At the town of Acs, on the railway line between Vienna and Budapest, the opposing forces clashed. There was much confusion and shooting, and several hundred casualties. Charles was captured, taken to the Peninsula of Tihany, and there confined with the outraged Zita, who is said to own the cold fury of a Medici.

On his arrest by Colonel Kanya, now Hungarian Minister of Foreign Affairs, so the story goes, Charles hurled his sabre at his captor's head. It found its mark — and the scar endures, a "brand" of the imperial prerogative.

The royal couple was soon released in the custody of the British — in *H. M. S. Glow Worm* conveyed to the Black Sea, where they were transferred to another vessel proceeding to Funchal, Madeira. There on April 1, 1922, six years after Francis Joseph, his predecessor, Charles died ingloriously of pneumonia at the age of thirty-five.

With her seven charming children, and pregnant with an eighth, Zita, brave Queen of the Hungarians, was domiciled near San Sebastian by her kinsman King Alfonso, and there for years she lived on a royal grant, supported also by an exiguous income from her Hungarian estates and by donations from the Hungarian and Austrian Legitimists. In every country but Hungary, the Hapsburg fortunes were confiscated. A few nations paid small indemnities. Intensely Catholic, devoted to her children as she was to their father, Zita faced the future with resolution, dedicating her life to the Hapsburg restoration — to Otto, the ten-year-old Crown Prince, whose preliminary education she entrusted to Jesuit fathers.

When revolution menaced her protector, the genial and democratic Alfonso, she fled to Belgium with her brood, to a family castle near Liege, and Otto, her eldest son, the hope of the patient Legitimists, was sent to the University of Louvain with his Jesuit tutor and a valet.

Zita became "the traveling Queen," a familiar and determined figure in the capitals of Europe — taut and trim, in black perpetually — not beautiful but striking — pale and cool, with dark, smoldering eyes, repressed.

In 1920, when Otto was only eight, Parliament, with Charles at bay in Switzerland, declared that the sovereign must not exercise his rights as a ruler, legalized a de facto situation, and established a modified Regency. The nation sparred for time. But in 1921, after Charles' second *putsch*, Parliament — bulled into submission by the Little Entente — passed a bill dethroning the Hapsburgs, constitutional Kings of Hungary since 1526, and declared that elections to the vacant throne should be held if, when, and as the Hungarian Government chose to hold them. At once, however, the deputies who voted for this law solemnly affirmed they had acted under foreign pressure. The nation could therefore disregard it.

Otto was born on November 1, 1912. Under the ancient Hapsburg law, he became of age in 1930, and it will be remembered that on November 1 of that year the shattered House of Hapsburg celebrated "His Majesty's" majority. Under the Hungarian law, Otto became of age on November 1, 1931, but to avoid the complications which might then have ensued from this dual validation of his rights, his coming of age was postponed by Parliament until 1933!

Dominated by the entrenched and ambitious Regent, Admiral Horthy, the Unity Party on the one hand — advocates of a national, an Hungarian King — and, on the other hand, the pro-Legitimist parties, advocates of the Hapsburgs, dominated by the brilliant Count Sigray — have by mutual if tacit consent avoided a showdown. But it is inevitable.

In the valley of the Danube, cradle of the balance of power in Europe, the fuse of a political explosive that may rock the world awaits the torch. The tragic irredentists of Central Europe, hungry for self-determination and denied it, plot, plan, and wail. They are the victims of the peace treaties, and chief among them are the butchered Hungarians, rent and torn asunder by the Treaty of Trianon. There is confusion in the chancelleries. There is Hitler the unpredictable, histrionic Dictator of a "people without room." There is Dollfuss, doughty if diminutive Chancellor

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of tiny Austria, in the imperial uniform of the Hapsburgs, opposing the dreaded *Anschluss*, hated by the Nazis, backed by the Western Powers, capturing in his valiant way the imagination and sympathy of the world. There is Benes the intransigeant, Mussolini the opportunist, King Alexander the aloof. There is fear — in and of the Valley of the Danube.

The Legitimists Plot

To commemorate the millennium of their national existence in that valley, the Hungarians erected at Budapest, in 1896, on the left bank of the river, one of the largest parliamentary buildings in Europe — a huge Gothic pile of granite and marble that may be viewed at night from the heights of Mount Gellert in an illuminated panorama rivaling the glory of the Bosphorus.

Within its storied chambers, a few weeks ago, the atmosphere of the Lower House was charged with expectancy when the Prime Minister, General Goemboes, in the debate on the budget, defied the hostile and increasingly aggressive Legitimists.

In the absence of Count Sigray, the Legitimist leader, and perhaps the greatest orator in Europe, Count Zichy, his political ally, had the day before challenged the Government's attitude on the issue of Legitimism, threatening to precipitate that trial of strength which both the Regency and the Legitimists have long avoided. General Goemboes was forced to reply.

In no uncertain terms, indeed menacingly, he warned the Legitimists to cease their propaganda. . . . The *Anschluss* is the concern of Austria alone. . . . There is no possibility of an Hungarian union with Austria. . . . "We do not propose to collaborate with an Austrian Emperor. . . ." Restoration of the Hapsburgs is a hopeless and sterile consideration. . . . The Regency would not, however, oppose a national king, "one whose name is covered with glory, who has lived with the nation, fought and won battles for it. . . . (Horthy has won many a battle in the Adriatic). . . ." But the issue is not timely. . . .

Thus spoke General Goemboes, Prime Minister of the Hungarians, distinguished soldier and authority on military organization, who was during the World War a member of Charles' General Staff, and, ironically, his vanquisher in the abysmal affair at Acs. He is, then, firm for an independent Hungary — and a *national* King. Is he for Horthy?

Five days after General Goemboes attempted quietus of the opposition which provoked his statement, Count Anton von Sigray, young and wealthy leader of the Legitimists since the death of Apponyi a few months ago, sharply replied:

The *Anschluss* is *not* the concern of Austria alone. . . . A great Germany gobbling Austria and advancing to the western borders of Hungary would gravely menace her independence. . . . If the same person should be King of Hungary and Emperor of Austria (presumably a Hapsburg), in their internal affairs the people would deal with him only in his capacity as King of Hungary. . . . The Prime Minister to the contrary notwithstanding, the Restoration is a very vital issue — "*and it must be dealt with in the next four months.*"

Secretly, the other day (they wear rubber soles in the chancelleries of Central Europe), General Goemboes stole away from Budapest, or rather flew away in a plane to Berlin. The people were startled when they learned of his departure, and more so when they read that at the German capital their Prime Minister was long closeted with Hitler, and later fêted by the Nazis.

Said he in explanation: "My mission is to arrange a favorable market in Germany. We expect a banner year, with a good export surplus. If we can sell our agricultural surplus to Germany, Italy, and Austria, then Hungary will be all right economically."

Was there then no political significance to the General's visit? None whatsoever? Was the fate of Otto not discussed?

It was. *Bien entendu!* In addition to a commercial agreement with Germany, Goemboes is reported "reassured" of Hitler's support against restoration of the Hapsburgs.

It is not inconceivable, however, that one of these days Count Sigray, with an eye on the shifting external rather than the domestic situation, may raise his eloquent voice and, with the support it is said he can muster, dramatically force repeal of the Dethronization Act — a law which is viewed by all his compatriots in the same light as the clubbed ratification of the Treaty of Trianon. It could hap-

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pen, indeed it may happen any time. And if that law were repealed, it follows logically that another would be — Act 1 of 1920, which declared that the sovereign could not exercise his rights as a ruler.

What then?

Otto would automatically become King of Hungary — legally King — and internally it would then remain only to cope with the Regency, to dispose of Horthy and Goemboes.

But the external view of the Hapsburg restoration is even more important than the internal probability of its accomplishment. It is an European as fully as an Austro-Hungarian concern. For again, and acutely, the age-old issue of the balance of power in the Valley of the Danube urgently requires solution. In the crucible of Central European politics, there are deadly political essences. By no means permanently blocked — if publicly renounced for the moment — is the danger of the *Anschluss*, the dreaded union of Germany and Austria. If not a political, then a cold, an economic *Anschluss* is the alternative goal of the embattled Nazis, despising Dollfuss and determined to unhorse him. A Hitler-dominated Vienna would take orders from Berlin. Via Austria leads the road to Bagdad.

Restoration of the Hapsburgs would deal both German policies a mortal blow. For that reason Mussolini favors it. There is gossip that he now approves the once-frowned-upon match of Otto and Maria, daughter of the Italian King. Austrian and Hungarian Legitimists, and their representatives, are frequent guests in the Palazzo Venezia. While Italy is on friendly terms with Hitler's Germany, that friendship halts where Italian interests are jeopardized. France might sanction the Hapsburg ascension if any move in that direction should come from within the two countries most affected. From the point of view of French foreign policy, Austria and Hungary could crown the Devil himself in preference to the *Anschluss*. But triumph of the Legitimists probably would meet with favor at the Quai d'Orsay only were it assured that the re-established Empire would not be dominated by any other single Power. Nor must it interfere with any larger confederation in the same quarter. In other words, France will not promote this marriage of expediency, which is hotly opposed by the Little Entente, at the expense of a future Danubian federation. Czechoslovakia's Dr. Benes is implacably opposed to revision of the peace treaties (although President Masaryk apparently is not), and a mere glance at the map will reveal why he is irreconcilably hostile to the *Anschluss*. As matters stand, his country is projected into the cavernous Teuton jaws, wide with hunger, and like a circus lion's kept open only by fear of the pistol of the trainer. Fed Austria, that jaw might snap again. Dr. Benes, therefore, is inclined to compromise: he suggests an economic restoration of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. King Alexander of Jugoslavia would prefer, in the final analysis, to grant self-determination to the troublesome Croats, if thereby he might gain a more secure and tranquil kingdom. It is said that King Carol of Roumania would marry a Hapsburg. Adelheid, Otto's sister, is most attractive. How well such a match would serve the purpose of the Legitimists!

Is not the fate of the Hapsburgs indeed an European *cause celebre?*

Otto Waits

At the University of Louvain, this month, a deeply religious, studious, and retiring young gentleman will receive his degree as Doctor of Philosophy for a thesis on Agriculture in the Tyrol. Otto Hapsburg — for he is thus addressed by his fellow students — is a slender youngster of medium height, with chestnut hair and deep brown eyes. He is possessed of an unreal, an almost ethereal beauty — effeminate, it would appear, but for his demonstrable masculinity. An excellent fencer, marksman, and horseman, he is no dilettante. He is deliberate, hesitant, and so was his father; both are traditional characteristics of the Hapsburgs. Another physical characteristic of that ancient line father and son were spared — the pendulous underlip.

In monastic simplicity the youthful Archduke resides at the University, from all outward appearance oblivious to the tireless activity of his mother, whom he holds in deep affection; of the preoccupied, plotting Prince Sixtus of Bourbon-Parma, his uncle; of the furore which his destiny is stirring.

Calmly he awaits the Crown of St. Stephen — and another.

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IS POLITICS RUINING ART?

A Debate

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH AND EDMUND WILSON

Scissor cut by Hunt Diederich *Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum*

THE WORLD is somewhat more awry than usual. Several persons have told me so and I have even observed the fact for myself. Yet I must confess that I am unable to understand the logic of those who conclude, therefore, that it is the duty of all men, whatever their training or capacities, to drop whatever task they may be best fitted to perform in order to turn themselves instanter into amateur politicians. If the novelist wishes to take up the problems of society that is his own business, for the novel has always been a mixed affair at best; but that the philosopher should abandon philosophy and the doctor medicine seems to me, at least, to be doubtfully wise. I note, for example, that a Columbia professor who was formerly much concerned with Plotinus and his angels has recently declaimed with a fine if unconscious irony that "this is no time" for mere speculation. I note also that a critic, formerly occupied with the problems of pure literature, now insists that we must forget everything which savors of "self-expression" until mankind as a whole has been rescued from the plight into which it has fallen.

Neither of the two just quoted has yet gone so far as the members of that section of the Communist Party which declares "pure science" a mere bourgeois affectation; but it is difficult to see how their logic can fail to lead them there, and the curious thing is that they are the very ones who have, in the past, most vigorously resisted the criticism which practical minded men are always leveling at those engaged in any disinterested activity. In war time every poet and every philosopher is looked at askance if he does not run to his country's defense — at least by proclaiming the cultural or philosophical nullity of the enemy — and the church demands a perpetually united front by the classical and ingenious argument that it is always at war with the Devil. But the very intellectuals who have most passionately maintained against these opponents the value of their own work are the very ones who now show a disposition to accept the validity of a similar argument. This is an unjust world. The poor are oppressed and the powerful are abusing their power. For the time being at least there is, they maintain, a kind of dishonor in any activity not pertinent to the crisis. Poetry and science and metaphysics — however precious they may once have appeared — are, in fact, mere self-indulgence and the time devoted to them is time wasted.

Now no reasonable man would deny the gravity of the present situation and no decent one would be inclined merely to wash his hands. But for all that it is still not entirely clear that the philosopher should cease from philosophizing or the poet from counting his syllables. "Business as usual" is a slogan not wholly base if by "business" is meant all those human activities which make life worth living in even an imperfect world.

Under the circumstances it is not easy to avoid a misunderstanding, but the best plan is, perhaps, to risk it boldly and to begin with the fact that the injustice of the world — like the brevity of life — throws into the boldest relief the value of those goods which can be snatched only in the moment which chance affords. We know that we pass from one night to another and we fear now, more acutely than we usually fear, the instability of a society which

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makes some little thought possible. But the artist does not leave his canvas nor the lover his beloved because the night is coming. He snatches what he can of the one thing which is certain in the midst of uncertainty and he tells himself (as we tell ourselves now) that if the end is nearer then at least he has well employed the little time which was granted him.

Nor is it to be forgotten that all the work of man has been accomplished under conditions essentially similar. The world has always been unjust as well as uncertain. Society has never encouraged any of the things most worth doing and there has never been a time when a really tender conscience could have permitted itself to bother with abstractions or beauty. But abstractions have been evolved and beauty has been cultivated none the less. For them there has never been either a time or a place but they have not waited for either and so the history of science and art and philosophy is the history of things achieved unexpectedly, inopportunely, and *mal à propos*. It is too bad that they had to be achieved, not only under unfavorable conditions, but actually at times when (as always) justice was awry and when (as was very often the case) the particular world of the artist or thinker was hurrying to destruction. It is too bad that men had to be hungry and women had to be dying at the very moment when Newton was inventing the method of fluxions or Gibbon was composing the history of the downfall of Rome. It is too bad that these things had to be done then; but it was far better that they should have been done then than that they should never have been done at all. History is a sad spectacle; but may it not in all seriousness be said that it has been rendered tolerable, not only by the men who endeavored to turn its course for the better, but also by those who did the work they could do under the conditions which were given them?

Few now remember what the occasion was when the soldiers burst in upon Archimides and when Archimides exclaimed "*Noli mihi circularum tangere.*" Certainly he was curiously aloof from the concerns of his people and quite possibly as remiss as Horace was upon that other famous occasion when he threw down his shield at Phillipi. But Archimides and his circles are remembered while the so much more important affairs which interrupted him are forgotten, and it would be a hardy propagandist who would maintain that his detachment was unfortunate. Something was accomplished in the midst of that unjust and crumbling world which has remained precious to other worlds, even while they too were crumbling, and the most valued possessions of man are not those which will serve him when society has been made perfect but those which can console or justify him for the fact that, so far at least, he has always been compelled to accept existence in an imperfect one.

Only a strange logic would lead a man to refuse to employ his life until he should find a means of making it eternal, and there is a general tendency to recognize the folly of even those who postpone everything until they shall have made their fortunes. But societies are like individuals, and like individuals they will neglect neither the future nor the present. They will make some use of the one while they prepare for the other and there could hardly be a better use for the present than that made by those who are thinking thoughts which delight them and which may, possibly, long continue to delight others. Even if Utopia should arrive it will surely want to take up many things where the last previous artist or philosopher had left them and if, on the contrary, it is chaos and old night that are coming, then it will at least be some satisfaction for mankind to be able to say "I have had my day." If war keeps alive what peace hopes to return to, then Archimides may keep at his circles undisturbed by those who call him slacker, and he may well wonder what his critics mean when they say that this is "no time" for metaphysics or art or "self-expression." In one sense it is not; but if the thing be strictly considered, no time ever was, for they are cultivated in moments snatched from the practical business of society as well as from the animal concerns of the individual. "Eat" says the natural man. "Fight" says the social conscience. And "Pray" says the church. But somehow and sometime, some men manage to find occasion for things which have little to do with any of these injunctions and a world which remains hungry, unjust, and unsanctified still values the products of these truant moments. Some Rome is always burning but that does not make every fiddler a Nero.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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What Is Mr. Krutch Defending?

I HAVE BEEN asked to answer Mr. Krutch. I am not strictly one of the opponents he challenges, as I have never expressed any such views as those he cites. I have never suggested, as Mr. Krutch accuses his opponents of doing, "that it is the duty of all men, whatever their training or capacities, to drop whatever they may be best fitted to perform in order to turn themselves instanter into amateur politicians." But then, I cannot believe that this is really what has moved Mr. Krutch to compose the foregoing apology — I don't believe he has ever seen such a statement; it is the nightmare of an apprehensive brain. What Mr. Krutch is really defending is not merely his right to ply his literary trade, which neither I nor anyone else would want him to abandon; it is rather his right to persist in a state of mind which is becoming common among American critics and which is breeding at least as much intemperance as the opposite state of mind it combats.

This state of mind — Mr. Krutch's state of mind — may be called politicophobia. In the first place, Mr. Krutch and his companions betray their fear of politics in itself by exaggerating the political activities in which other writers have lately been engaging. The truth is that as politicians these writers have been something less than amateur. What have they done? Sat on a few committees, presented a few petitions, made a few public speeches. It is ludicrous, and almost pitiful, that such few and feeble gestures toward politics should provoke such terrified indignation. That is, it seems to you ludicrous if you assume as I have always done, that politics is one of the normal interests and natural pursuits of mankind. And Mr. Krutch, who is one of the editors of *The Nation*, must surely assume this too; yet he is opposed to the political activities of (apparently) other than professionally political writers. He does not even try to prove that these activities have injured or are likely to injure their writing.

And why should politics injure literature? Suppose that these American writers were not amateurs; suppose they went in for politics seriously. Suppose that instead of lending their names to the letterheads of defense committees and doing a little labor reporting, they had imitated Wagner, who had to flee from Dresden for his part in the 1848 revolution; or Byron, who spent so much of his best energies on Greek freedom and the Italian risorgimento; or Dostoevsky, who was exiled to Siberia as a youth and who even in his latest years was writing regular political articles with the most furious earnestness at the same time as *The Brothers Karamazov*. Will anyone contend that such writers as these were any the worse as writers for their politics, or that we should be anything but very fortunate in America if we had writers and composers capable of fighting their fights and producing their masterpieces? One had supposed that the great creative minds were great partly in proportion to the scope of their vision, the number of aspects of life they embraced; and that even the lesser ones could profit by varied experience. One is struck in reading Johnson's *Lives of the Poets* by the number of the writers he deals with, from Waller to Milton and Swift, who had had active political careers in contrast to the ordinary American poet who does nothing but write poetry and who is likely to suffer in his work from a lack of experience of the world, and in his life from trying to get out of what may be only a limited talent more satisfaction than it can give. Would Waller conceivably have done anything more or done what he did better if his life had been as untainted by political activity as that of Mr. Archibald MacLeish?

It may be, however, that people like Mr. Krutch will insist that all these writers would have been better off without their politics. Their mania is driving them to strange lengths. The other day I talked to a distinguished critic who had just been rereading Dante. He was deploring the fact that the episode of Paolo and Francesca should be followed by that of the glutton Ciacco. Why had Dante set against this grief and beauty the vulgarity of Ciacco's predictions about the future of party politics in Florence? Well, it is a commonplace of dramatic technique that after a scene of intense emotion you must let the audience down — as

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my friend, when his neurosis is not on him, knows as well as I. And of course Dante, who had not only written a treatise on monarchy but had done actual pamphleteering for Henry of Luxemburg, made politics one of the main themes of *The Divine Comedy:* it receives its first statement in Ciacco, and we are presently to owe to it Farinata and finally the superb culmination, the prophesy to Dante of the exile which he shall incur as the end of all his efforts, when he shall have been forced to "make a party by himself" — as we owe to Swift's political experience those parts of *Gulliver's Travels* which deal with parliaments and courts; and to Dostoevsky's, *The Possessed;* and to Wagner the revolutionist, *Siegfried.* Yet my friend was in an inflamed state of mind in which he was prepared to accuse Dante of the mentality of a Republican officeholder. And why? Simply, I feel certain, because somebody had been trying to get him to sign a radical manifesto.

But suppose even that some of our American writers became professional politicians — suppose they chose to use their literary gifts exclusively for political ends. Suppose Dreiser, for example, by some freak, were to turn into a great Communist statesman? Why on earth should anyone regret it? Is not statesmanship as important as literature? Doesn't it require as much imagination, as much intellect, as much will? Is it not one of the major creative activities of humanity? Isn't Lenin as great as Tolstoy? Lincoln as Emerson, or Whitman? Does anyone regret that Benjamin Franklin, who had certainly more considerable literary gifts than some of the people who are now pleading for pure literature, didn't confine himself exclusively to writing?

These questions are entirely rhetorical. One is ashamed to have to ask them. They sound like old-fashioned school debates as to who has done most for humanity — George Washington or Michelangelo. But the champions of pure art and literature are getting to sound like adolescent boys in provincial American towns who have just gotten hold of Arthur Symons. And the only real questions which should be asked are, how and why have these very intelligent writers gotten to a point where they behave like this?

The answer, I believe, is simply Marxism and the terror which Marxism seems to inspire. Mr. Krutch and others are sobbing to-day about "pure art," "pure literature," and "pure science," as if the idea had never occurred to them that these pursuits had any connection with human conditions and needs. Not so many years ago I remember reproaching Mr. Krutch for allowing himself to become so preoccupied with a Freudian analysis of Poe that he slighted Poe's artistic importance. Yet the other day I picked up *The Nation* and there, lo and behold! — was Mr. Krutch reproaching Clifton Fadiman for having condemned the novels of Hergesheimer on social instead of artistic grounds — in short, for doing something precisely analogous to what Krutch himself had done with Poe. But at that time Mr. Krutch had understood very well that works of art have their roots in human appetites, that they represent the human instinct, necessary for human survival, to compensate, to justify, to explain. And in general, I believe the "pure art" critics were yesterday quite willing to examine works of art from the point of view of their social and psychological origins. They were ready to take into account race, nationality, religion, profession, and sexual constitution; they had some of them been living on perfectly good terms with Taine's "race, milieu, and moment." They would even be prepared to admit the influence of class if the period or the society were remote enough from our own. But what has upset them is the introduction into the discussion of the Marxist theory of classes — that is, of social relationships based on the methods of production. The technical use of the word "bourgeois" has thrown them into such a fright that they are ready to repudiate anything they may have said about the relation of works of art to their environment and to locate them as far away as possible from our working and eating and bartering world into a commodityless empyrean where no smell of the market may reach them.

Nor any cries of political conflict. It is a long time now that our intellectuals have disdained politics. The bourgeois republics were established by the intellectuals of the then revolutionary class; but as the bourgeois society ran its course and its government came to be controlled by capitalist finance and business, serious people lost interest in it. It is quite

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natural that American intellectuals who have lived through the national administrations of Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover and the local administration of Mayor Walker should feel indifference or contempt for politics. And the snobbish tradition which has been fostered by the artists and intellectuals in reaction against the ugliness and commercialism which the industrial middle class brought with it, has always been there to encourage this attitude. On the other hand, however, such writers as Mr. Krutch have at the same time all the bourgeois defense mechanism against the ideas of radical politics, and if another writer signs a radical manifesto or tries to apply to works of literature the Marxist theory of classes, will accuse him of believing that Cézanne should have served in the Chamber of Deputies. (Archibald MacLeish, in a recent article, asserted that the real aim of such people was to discourage poets from writing poetry.)

What Mr. Krutch then is really defending when he writes this "Apologia Pro Vita Sua" is simply his ignorance of and shrinking from Marxism. You cannot get any of these anti-Marxists even to investigate the literature of Marxism (which nine times out of ten they confuse with economic determinism) and find out what they are talking about. If they did, they would see that they had set up straw men and they would no longer be able to pose as the sole champions of "abstraction and beauty" at a moment when all the world else had abandoned them. What Mr. Krutch is really defending is his unwillingness to deal with literature in its social-economic aspects in the same realistic spirit which he has brought to its psychological ones; or to look to the political theory of the Marxists for the intellectual seriousness and vitality which have gone out of the politics of the dominating class even in its liberal phases.

EDMUND WILSON

Mr. Krutch's Reply

MR. WILSON says, in effect, that I am not arguing against him. I never said that I was, and I can answer only that neither, in his main contention, is he arguing against me. Certainly I never denied that the literary man has a perfect right to concern himself with politics, and I never contended that a piece of literature is necessarily bad just because it has some political significance. If Mr. Wilson is ready to grant that the literary man has also a right to concern himself with such matters as little as he pleases and that his work may be valuable even though it is without political implications, then I have no quarrel with him.

However, Mr. Wilson goes on to suggest that I am not really arguing against anyone, that the intolerant communist whom I have in mind is merely a figment of my imagination, conjured up in order to justify to myself my unwillingness to consider the teachings of Marx. I am surprised that he can have talked with contemporary radicals and read current literature without having met with the sort of thing I was protesting against. I shall, therefore, quote two sentences which will illustrate the temper I had in mind. They are significant because they are not the rash utterance of some hot-head, but embody the considered opinion of a brilliant and learned writer. Speaking of a report that certain Russian classics had been suppressed by the Soviet authorities and that others had been expurgated, he says: "For my part the moderation of the alleged Russian procedure appears somewhat dangerous. The whole of Western literature, where every phrase, every word, and every implication is saturated with the insane and immoral premises of traditional civilization should, for a period, be withheld entirely from the new humanity." (Robert Briffault, *Breakdown.*)

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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THE GREEN SEA OF GLOOM*

Shipping Trouble Rules the Waves—I

BY WILLIAM ADAMS

In the North Atlantic, as in a great glass sphere, the economic disorders of Europe and America are reflected and magnified. Whaling and shipping, the two deep-water industries it supports, are both in distress. The Norwegian companies which hold a practical monopoly of the first have tied up the greater part of their fleet. Transatlantic steamship lines, as the flow of passengers and freight steadily shrinks, are more active in seeking traffic, less successful in securing it, than they have ever been. Shipbuilders on both Atlantic shores, with the world production of new tonnage the smallest it has been in half a century, have turned to ship-breaking in such numbers that already the scrapping industry has too many members. In each of the northern maritime countries, there are thousands of seamen on the beach, thousands of ships that cannot find employment — in England so many are idle it has become difficult to secure berths for them. The commissioners of the River Tyne have even refused them entrance.

The North Atlantic is the most significant seaway of all time. It unites — or divides — the two regions of the earth where populousness and wealth most closely coincide, and between which the traffic in manufactures, bulk commodities, men, and mails is of the greatest abundance. It has been the pathway of the greatest migration in history: that from Europe to America. Employed upon it is one-fifth of the vessel tonnage of the world and all of those ships which are the largest and fastest afloat. Through four of its ports — Liverpool, London, New York and Hamburg — passes a full fifth of world commerce, ocean-borne and overland.

The history of the North Atlantic steamship which began a century ago, when the first transatlantic passage under steam was made in 1833 by the *Royal William*, is the story of a hundred years' war among shipowners. The recent years of it, a chapter in which defeat is dealt to all sides, is the subject of this paper.

Shipping is an industry of notorious uncertainty. For centuries it was subject to the favor of the winds and the kindliness of the sea. And to-day, although the shipowner need not worry much how the wind goes, he is no nearer independence than he ever was. Besides the liability of storm, wreck, or engine disability, that of financial ruin is always present to him. Since his ships have become common carriers, he is absolutely dependent on the state of trade and industry; when they languish he is helpless. At any time, either in his own country or in those to which he despatches his ships, new laws — and not only those respecting immigration, tariff, or navigation — may be enacted which will completely alter the conditions of the trade in which he has engaged. Even in a season of general prosperity, rate wars and over-tonnage within his sphere may impoverish him. Finally, there is always the possibility that, through vainglory or bad judgment, he may ruin himself.

The factors which separate foreign from domestic shipping and make them so different, both in complexity and interest, are plain. Merchant shipping confined to closed seas, to the coastwise trade of its own country, is, in political character, as simple as transportation inland. But when it reaches overseas, it undergoes a sea change and becomes international and complicated. The ocean-going ship seeks cargo in rivalry with vessels of other countries, sails in common waters, and flies her nation's flag in foreign ports. Sent abroad, supported by government subsidy, her appearance, her speed, and her size, even her furnishings, are matters of national prestige.

* *One of the names given the Atlantic Ocean by the medieval Arabian geographers.*

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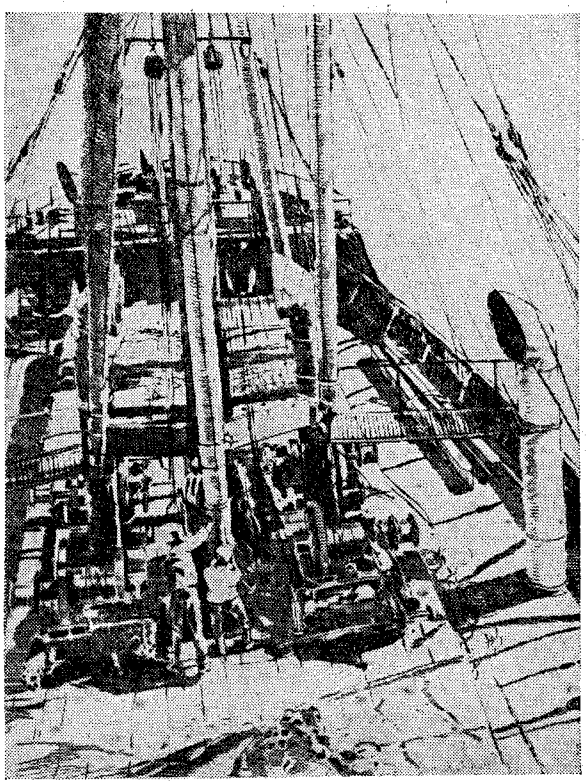

Etchings by Philip Kappel *Courtesy of the Schwartz Gallery*

II

In 1929, when trouble was first intimated in the house of Royal Mail, the largest shipping organization in the world, its director, Sir Owen Cosby Philipps, Baron Kylsant of Carmathen, was not afraid: "I look on the situation as one gazing from the deck of a steamer at the waves of the ocean. There is a long depression on the surface and then comes the crest of the wave. We are beginning to see the next crest."

Immediately, Royal Mail shareholders dismissed what fears they had and made ready to mount from the trough they were in. Were they to doubt one of England's wealthiest men and most eminent peers? Lord Kylsant was a man honored and respected by the whole financial community; he had been, in fact, the President of the Federation of Chambers of Commerce of the British Empire. What reason had they to disagree with the general estimation of his abilities? If his lordly ambition made them dizzy whenever they reflected how closely their small fortunes were bound up with his, it, nevertheless, agreed with everything else about him: his impressive titles, his abnormal height of six feet, seven inches, and his long ancestry which made him a descendant of kings.

Lord Kylsant had built up Royal Mail by a series of purchases extending over twenty-five years. Line after line had been absorbed into his company, either losing its identity or becoming a Royal Mail subsidiary. His operations had been brilliant and reckless, yet they had seemed in accord with his power, with England's maritime supremacy, and with a time of great business consolidation. He bought ships as lesser men buy bonds, in quantities — as many as seventy-seven at once.

In 1926 he had crowned all his work. The White Star, an English line, had been in the North Atlantic more than thirty years when J. P. Morgan, ambitious to form an international American-owned shipping syndicate in the Atlantic, bought it in 1902. It was a purchase which caused great uneasiness in England, only partly allayed by the assurance that the ships sold were to continue flying the British flag and serving as English naval auxiliaries.

Lord Kylsant had long desired, with his countrymen, to see the line returned to English ownership. Prior to the close of the war, when shipping values were at their height, he had offered £27,000,000 for all British flagships under foreign ownership; his offer had to be rejected in this country for reasons of state. But in 1926 he found International Mercantile Marine, which since its founding had gone into receivership and had been reorganized (Morgan had found "the ocean too big for him," said Andrew Carnegie), sick of the struggle in the North Atlantic, and he purchased White Star from it for $35,000,000.

So in 1929 Lord Kylsant, as director and chairman of Royal Mail, controlled about three dozen shipping companies whose combined capital was $400,000,000. He had a fleet of 2,674,941 gross tons which steamed from England to every quarter of the world. He owned the *Majestic*, the largest ship ever built. He was about to launch a 27,000-ton liner, the *Britannic;* he had begun work on her sister-ship, the *Georgic;* and he was preparing to lay down an electrically driven vessel which would measure larger than the *Majestic*, larger than any ship afloat, and would bear the name that the first White Star ship in North Atlantic service had: *Oceanic*. He was the greatest shipowner the world had known. To his other titles "The Napoleon of the Sea" was added. He

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shortened his signature to the letter "K."

Two years later, Lord Kylsant, having refused to take food or exercise, was being conducted from the cell which he occupied in Wormwood Scrubbs Prison and subjected to observation.

His descent had been dramatic and tragic. It began in 1929 when he issued £2,000,000 of debenture shares without consulting his brother, Lord St. Davids, who was trustee for the debenture shareholders. The latter, after examining the company's auditor, sent an angry pamphlet to the shareholders protesting the issuance of further debentures. Lord Kylsant asserted that he knew of no reason for his brother's action, and shortly afterward Lord St. Davids quietly resumed his place on the Royal Mail directorate. Six months later, Royal Mail passed both common and preferred dividends; the rumor of mismanagement was deeply laid.

But not for long. It returned in earnest in 1930, when accountants were brought in to examine Royal Mail, and Lord Kylsant left London for the North Atlantic island of Madeira. The company's securities reached new low levels; and then, when its counsel made public the opinion that it was not limited, that the shareholders were liable for its debts, they fell in a day from sixty shillings to zero. The shareholders paid the transfer tax to be rid of them.

In June, 1931, Lord Kylsant was brought to trial charged with sponsoring, in connection with a £10,000,000 debenture bond issue in 1928, a fraudulent stock prospectus which claimed that Royal Mail had earned enough that year to cover interest on the proposed issue five times. The charge was soon proved and Lord Kylsant was sentenced to a year's imprisonment.

What had been uncovered was ugly business: Royal Mail profits and dividends had for many years been taken from hidden resources that had been accumulated during the war and never revealed to the shareholders. Contrary to Lord Kylsant's statements, it had long been losing money. For example, in a year for which the balance sheet showed a profit of £350,000, there was an actual loss of £800,000. Now the company had consumed its resources and was reduced to a skeleton.

So far as Lord Kylsant acted, while he was Chairman of Royal Mail, according to any sensible principle, it must have been the one, widely held, that a shipping company engaged in many trades is financially invulnerable because of the great spread it makes of risks; that when it encounters poor rates in one region, these will be offset by good rates in another. Through him this theorem has been disproved as forcibly as the one that a ship divided into many compartments cannot sink.

In the depressed minds of his stockholders, whom he had made poorer by £20,000,000, Lord Kylsant was convicted not only of fraud but of criminal stupidity and vanity. After his trial, they realized that his "greatness" had lain simply in his maniac readiness to buy, at any price, any shipping; even, as had long been whispered in the shipping community, "a line to the moon."

As for the human desire for power which takes the form, even as Faust's finally did, of trying to control, in some measure, the sea — this much is sufficient here: it is a kind of madness with invariably tragic consequences. Finally, Lord Kylsant, an aspirant for personal glory, should never have entered the shipping industry. It is one characterized by slender successes, earned by small economies and conservative policies.

III

The story of Lord Kylsant has its counterpart in that of a ship, *Number 534*.

In December, 1931, all England knew that three thousand men were at work upon a gigantic liner at John Brown's yard in Scotland on the Clyde. She was to cost £6,000,000 and be the most luxurious ship afloat. She was to measure 73,000 tons and sail at a speed of thirty-five knots. She was to regain for the Cunard Line and for England the Blue Ribbon of the North Atlantic which had been seized by the German ships, *Europa* and *Bremen*.

As more and more of the ship's great hull was plated over, public curiosity about her increased. Her miles of carpeting, her hundreds of thousands of pieces of tableware and crockery, her ten thousand electrical fittings, her gyro-stabilizer that would weigh three hundred tons, her power station that could light a city as great as Manchester — all these were counted,

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weighed, and imagined with excited wonder in the nation's mind. A composite picture was published, which, with photographic clarity, showed the *534* sailing past New York's Battery, smoke flying from three funnels, and the first Cunard paddle-wheeler, *Britannia*, drawn to scale, beside her. It was plain that the *Britannia*, dismasted, could be fitted into one of the *534's* funnels and lost to sight there — providing either ship existed. It was evident, too, after seeing her great shape obliterating half the New York skyline, how much the *534* would enforce Britain's claim to the mistressship of the seas. Everywhere, Englishmen urged that she be christened *Britannia*. . . .

In December, 1931, the men at work upon the *534* clambered down from her, relinquished their tools, left the shipyard, and made unemployment along the Clydebank almost absolute. The reason — a sound one — given by the Cunard directorate for the cessation of the work was that before it could build new ships the company must earn at least enough to cover depreciation on the ships it already had in service. This, for the first time in many years, it had not been able to do, although it was leading its competitors for the ninth successive year in total transatlantic passengers carried.

If the *534* had been completed and, on her trial voyage, been wrecked before she reached the mouth of the Clyde, the shock to England could not have exceeded that caused by her abandonment. It occurred right in the wake of Lord Kylsant's trial and imprisonment. What might not two such events foreshadow? In measuring their gravity, exaggeration is not possible. Shipping, in itself, is England's second commercial pursuit; but it is more than that — it is the activity upon which the country's industrial life, her food supply, and her world position are absolutely dependent. The loss of her maritime supremacy, which has been secured by four centuries' work, would be fatal to her. (It is ironic that this supremacy was wrested, by the small ships of England, from Spain because that nation was building her ships too large. "The Spanish pride hath infected their ships with loftiness, which makes them but the fairer shot for their enemies, besides the wind hath too much power over them," wrote Thomas Fuller.)

When the suspension of building upon the *534* was announced, there was great agitation. In Parliament, Laborites raised angry voices because neither the government nor the nation's bankers had by a loan averted the disgraceful happening. There were private offers of small loans, there was talk of a public subscription to raise funds for completing the ship. But these led nowhere. To-day, the huge hull, the largest ever bolted together by Englishmen, the greatest maritime people in history, stands deserted, guarded against thieves and rust, and casts her shadow over the country, to the sea.

IV

Let us cross the North Atlantic to America. . . . It was natural that this paper dwell first and to the length it has upon English shipping misfortunes. Those that have befallen less eminent maritime nations, not so grave as hers, nor so interesting, deserve secondary and shorter consideration.

Although three-quarters of transatlantic passengers are Americans, and although the eastward freight movement across the North Atlantic greatly exceeds that westward, the proportion of each carried by our merchant marine has always been small. Before the war it amounted to almost nothing; there were but six ships of American registry, totaling 70,000 tons, trading with all Europe. A few years ago, there were 232 American ships, of 1,500,000 tons, in the same service. Chief among these were those in the North Atlantic express service, belonging to the United States Lines, a company with a curious history.

When the last war began, German passenger ships in American ports, rather than risk capture at sea, prepared to remain on this side of the Atlantic until peace returned. Others, which had left American ports, turned about and with lights extinguished steamed back to them.

Lying idle until America entered the war, they were then seized by our government, remodeled, renamed, and used to transport troops. When the war ended, there was an exodus of Americans to Europe which resembled, in character and numbers, that of the long pent-up English to the continent after the close of the Napoleonic wars. To take advantage of it, the Shipping Board, at a cost of

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$20,000,000, reconditioned four of these German-built ships and put them into service in the North Atlantic.

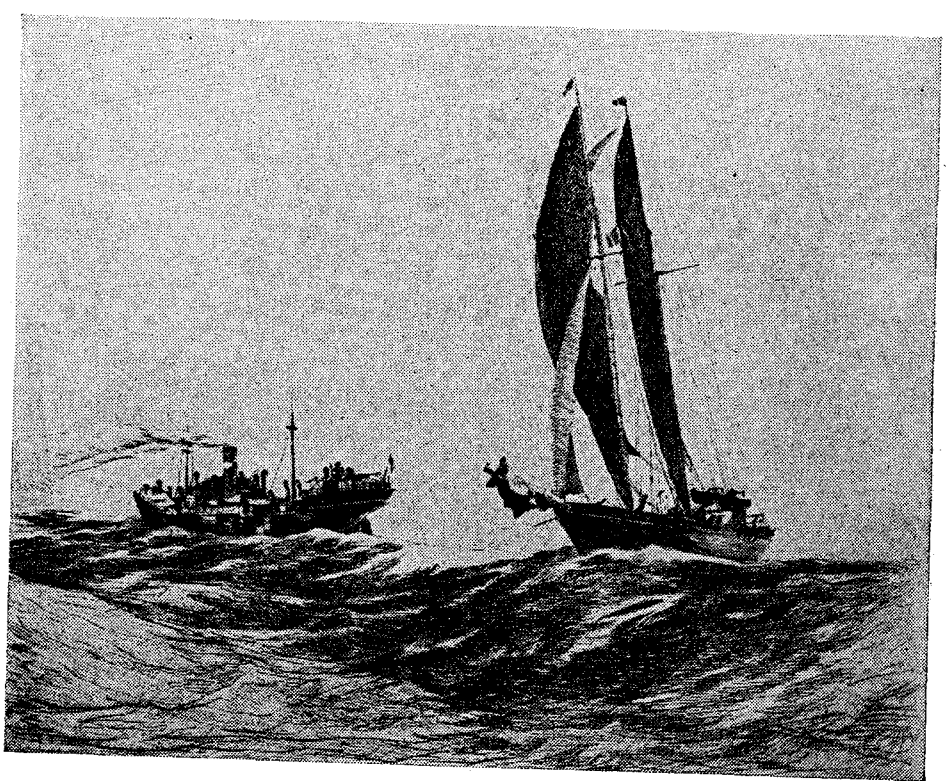
But the revenues the Board expected from this traffic never materialized; instead, from the day it began operation it lost money and, almost from the same day, it was anxious to sell the line to private ownership. Finally, in 1929, this was accomplished.

The purchaser was a man without shipping experience, Mr. Paul W. Chapman, a stockbroker of Chicago. He agreed to pay $16,300,000 for the line: a quarter of it in cash, the remainder in payments extending over fifteen years. In return he acquired five cargo ships and six passenger liners, varying greatly in age and tonnage; the distinction of owning the major American line in the North Atlantic, whose flagship, as it was measured then, was the largest vessel afloat; and a mail contract which brought him $3,365,000 a year — an amount greater than the subsidies received by his competitors from their governments combined.

The contract signed, Mr. Chapman was immediately under way. Before his ships were delivered to him, he offered to the public, through P. W. Chapman & Co., stockbrokers, 600,000 shares of United States Lines preferred stock. The prospectus advertising the stock stressed the active interest of the government in the United States Lines, made an extravagant prediction of earnings, and placed a valuation of $32,500,000 upon the company's fleet — its only asset. This was twice what Mr. Chapman had paid for it; or rather, was about to pay for it. Was Mr. Chapman's new-found interest in shipping simply an extension of his stockbroking activities? Even the administration then in Washington asked. Whatever the answer, Mr. Chapman soon had sold sufficient stock to pay the $4,000,000 due on the ships and to take possession of them.

His contract provided that he build two ships of at least 45,000 tons to run alongside the *Leviathan* and two smaller ones for freight service; the government, under the generous provisions of the Jones-White Act, lending him three-quarters of their construction cost. Instead, he began building two ships he believed he needed more: cabin liners of 30,000 tons. However, he had designs drawn for the two large vessels. They were to measure more than 50,000 tons and have a length of 962 feet. Mr. Chapman already had names for them: *Leviathan II* and *Leviathan III*. Their plans cost him $440,000 and weighed two and one-half tons!

No man could have chosen a worse time than October, 1929, to buy a steamship line. The following month the heavens fell. But, with a steadily mounting deficit which finally reached $300,000 a month, Mr. Chapman went recklessly ahead, spending great sums in refurnishing and advertising his ships and drawing from his operating expenses $2,755,000 to make payments on the new ships he was constructing, $900,000 for dividend payments, and thousands more for the plans of the proposed superliners which he had to build. He was two years a shipowner when he saw his United States



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Lines hopelessly bankrupt. Not only was he unable to meet the payments due the shipyard or those due the government; he could not pay his current bills for groceries, rent, stevedoring, and a hundred other items.

Reluctantly, Mr. Chapman surrendered control of the ships, and there began those negotiations between the Shipping Board and various American shipowners which, after many months and much controversy, ended in the agreement between steamship interests on the Atlantic coast and on the Pacific by which a new company, United States Lines of Nevada, was formed to operate three of the six large ships (of the four German-built vessels, only the *Leviathan*) and the five cargo ships, and to continue construction on the two cabin liners: the *Manhattan*, which went into service last year, and the *Washington*, which made her maiden voyage in May of this year.

Although at the time Mr. Chapman was financing his line he was accused of plain stock-jobbery, it seems more likely now that he was simply a man who wished to make a profit in several directions simultaneously. He made a real effort to keep the United States Lines above water; that he failed to do so was to be expected. Every attempt in the past to establish an American passenger line in the North Atlantic has failed.

V

THE BASIC reason for the unnecessary and perplexing number of ships upon the North Atlantic is that altogether too many aggressive nations are situated upon its margins — nations that are commercially active and overpopulated, with highly articulated coastlines, offshore fishing grounds, colonies, and an inherent, northern inclination for sea-striving. In fine, all of them, for reasons natural, historical, and economic, are seafaring nations. And, unhappily, they all have an equal title to that part of the North Atlantic lying beyond cannon shot: a tremendous common possession which each is jealously determined to make most profitable to itself. Foremost among these nations, besides England and America, are France and Germany.

From the Penhoet Yards at St. Nazaire, there was launched with great ceremony, last October, the *Normandie*, a super-liner which has been designed to secure for France — she will go into service next year — the supremacy of the North Atlantic. She will measure 75,000 tons, will be a few precious feet longer than the Cunarder *534*, and will surpass in luxury any vessel now afloat. Conspicuous among her appointments will be a chapel two decks high, with an altar dedicated to St. Anne, the patron saint of sailors, and far aft a dance floor of luminous glass where the merry-hearted may frolic all night without disturbing those asleep amidships.

The French Line, whose flagship the *Normandie* will be, was able to launch her only after a considerable effort. Since 1929 France's tourist trade has fallen away to a quarter of what it was, and the line has been in constant trouble. It has reduced its expenditures greatly and laid up or scrapped fifty of its ships, but without government aid, renewed again and again, the *Normandie* could never have been launched; the line itself would be bankrupt. During the last two years the government has granted it so many millions of francs in construction loans, subsidies, and credits to ensure operation from month to month that French Socialists are demanding that the government take it over, in as much as it already owns it in fact.

At the launching of the *Normandie*, President Lebrun emphasized that her significance lay in her improving means of communication and reducing the distance between nations, thus aiding the cause of universal good will. Rarely has even a public speech meant so little. Everyone knows that the *Normandie* was begun and that work was continued on her, in spite of every discouragement, because of the ships Germany and Italy have built in the past few years.

M. Marcel Olivier, the President of the French Line, chose this same opportunity, the launching of the *Normandie*, to appeal for a Washington conference for the purpose of agreeing upon an international merchant marine building holiday, so anxious has his line become "to avoid further wasteful competition." In what spirit does one imagine this proposal, coming from the president of the line which, by building the *Ile de France*, was the first after the war to resume the building of luxurious ships and which has now launched

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the last word in ocean liners, was received by the various North Atlantic shipowners?

Many of their countrymen present at the launching heard neither M. Lebrun nor M. Olivier. They had taken small boats and gone out in the water in an effort to salvage some of the 150,000 francs worth of tallow which was used to grease the *Normandie's* ways. . . .

Were any North Atlantic company prosperous at this time it would be North German Lloyd, which since the end of the war, when its largest ship was the *Grüss Gott* of 725 tons, has regained the strong position it held before 1914 and now has the two most popular ships in the service, the sisters *Bremen* and *Europa*. Between them, these two have been carrying in recent years half as many passengers as their nine largest rivals combined. (These nine: *Leviathan*, *Majestic*, *Olympic*, *Ile de France*, *Paris*, *France*, *Mauretania*, *Aquitania*, and *Berengaria*.)

In 1930, North German Lloyd entered into a pooling agreement with its long time rival, the Hamburg-American Line, an action permitting fewer sailings and considerable savings in shore expense and advertising. But neither company, despite this arrangement and the popularity of its services, has been able to operate profitably. Their financial condition — and between them they comprise the greater part of the German merchant marine — is one of the gravest problems of their nation.

Last March, the two lines having notes amounting to millions of dollars, which they could not pay, due to German and Dutch bankers, the government was forced to use heroic remedies to save them. It made a thorough financial reconstruction of the two companies, writing down their capital radically. It prolonged the due loans made the companies by the Berlin banking consortium and secured a further loan of the same amount, 26,000,000 marks, from the same banks guaranteeing both. Finally, it established a subsidy of 20,000,000 marks for ship-breaking, sufficient to scrap a tenth of the German merchant marine. Lloyd-Hapag, much relieved, began to break up 200,000 tons of its shipping.

As though there were not too many nations already implicated in the North Atlantic, the last decade has seen the entrance of another, geographically removed from it. Italy, whose natural and historic sea is the Mediterranean, under the direction of Premier Mussolini, had added to the transatlantic tangle two superliners in the past year.

Slow to enter the deep sea, for centuries interested instead in preserving the medieval routes to the Orient, Italy's flag first appeared on the New York run only fifty years ago, and ten years ago her first liner of 20,000 tons was still her largest. In fact, Italy's sole interest in the North Atlantic before the war was the carriage of her emigrants who, taking a painful leave of their homeland, were anxious to enjoy at sea the food, liquor, and language to which they were accustomed. Carrying them was a profitable business: slow, economical voyages and plain ships that were filled on the outward passage with hopeful pilgrims and on the return passage with emigrants of another year, making the inevitable trip back home with their savings.

When immigration to this country was shut off, Italy turned to the tourist trade. Theretofore, sightseers traveling between Italy and America had made the ocean passage in a ship of a northern nation and embarked or disembarked from ports in the North European range. This circumstance, most profitable to France and the city of Paris, Italy is now attempting to alter by offering tourists a seven-day passage along a southern route, free of ice and fog, directly to Naples. The *Rex* and *Conte de Savoia*, the two 50,000-ton ships which accomplished their first passages to New York last fall show how seriously this plan is being undertaken.

Italy's venture into the North Atlantic has not, of course, had any financial reward. In 1930, Mussolini, whose interest in shipping is as personal and profound as was the Kaiser's twenty years ago, insisted that the three companies operating North Atlantic services enter a pooling agreement. Last year he succeeded in effecting something that had been proposed and tried long ago, before the war: he forced the three lines to merge. By doing so he saved them from bankruptcy and secured for the state the control of a North Atlantic shipping combine of 500,000 tons — thereby making himself the greatest shipowner in the North Atlantic.

(*To be concluded next month*)

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THE NEW DEAL AND THE CONSTITUTION

BY JOHN CORBIN

SPEAKING in behalf of the recent acts of Congress for the rehabilitation of agriculture and industry, Bernard M. Baruch described them as enabling the national government to "reach out into the field of thousands of trade associations and hundreds of thousands of institutions," and to "assume responsibility for direction of our entire agricultural and industrial enterprise." The new measures are to do this by means of boards or commissions which will be "non-political" and will be "composed of practical and disinterested specialists for each principal industrial grouping." Thus described, the New Deal has a favorable aspect. The intricate and highly scientific industries of our modern world are no longer to be the sport of partisan politics, much less of vote-catching Congressmen — with the result that we shall again and again be where we are. They are to be placed under men able to exert on them "the power of discipline," of "firm and certain disciplinary measures," in behalf of the nation as a whole.

It is possible, however, to describe the innovations in terms far different. From the days of Thomas Jefferson, the Democratic party has stood for a minimum of federal control — for exalting the horn of the individual and for giving effect to his judgment and will so soon as it is expressed in a majority vote. In Jefferson's own phrase, "the people in mass" were to decide everything. Yet here is a Democratic administration organizing a national authority of specialists that would have delighted Alexander Hamilton. In itself, of course, "government by commission" is no new thing: one need only mention the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Federal Trade Commission, the Federal Reserve Board. For a full generation, many or most of us have cried out against its paternalism, its bureaucracy, its snooping, and its tyranny. But never before has it had so wide an extension and so formidable a concentration of power.

These measures of the New Deal were scarcely broached when, beneath the general voice of approval, stern protests became audible. Curiously enough, they came mainly not from Democrats, whose constitutional conscience seemed untroubled, but from the party which, in practice as in theory, has always stood for an administration at once expert and vigorously national. And they came from the more conservative wing of that party. Thus the Financial Editor of the Republican *New York Evening Post* accused President Roosevelt of entertaining "grandiose" designs, "cosmic daydreams." To his view, the national industry recovery bill called for "overhauling the entire industrial organization of the country with forced production, compulsory employment and federal control over wages and hours of labor." More briefly put, the President and his "brain trust" of professorial advisers were "ring-tailed economists." The *New York Herald Tribune*, even more conservatively Republican, waved the bogey of Socialism. It saw the country drifting steadily "from its old standards of individual freedom and initiative toward a socialistic state"; and it called for a protest, from "everyone who believes in the American system," against the New Deal's "faith in Karl Marx."

Only one Democratic statesman of nation-wide distinction sounded the alarm. Speaking on the same day as Mr. Baruch, Newton D. Baker not only called the President's powers "dictatorial" but declared that "Congress has bundled up and passed over to him more power than any man ever had before who has walked the earth." He expressed loyalty to the new Administration and admiration for its achievements; but he regarded the powers granted to it as applicable only to crises such

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as the war and the depression, and he urged that even now "some form of parliamentary responsibility" be established. An alarm often sounded: "Back to the Constitution!"

It must be admitted that the New Deal is developing a national authority far different from that outlined in the Constitution as written or contemplated by the men who wrote it. Yet one may still fail to be greatly impressed by either the bogey of Socialism or that of a permanent dictatorship. Being a rather astute politician, Mr. Roosevelt must know that no nation in the world is more deeply rooted in antagonism to both. And is there greater cogency in the cry of "Back to the Constitution"? The twentieth century is not the eighteenth; and in no respect has it progressed further than in this matter of a nation-wide development of highly technical industry with its novel and difficult problems of control. We have gone far forward and may still go farther. Can we hope for anything more than that we shall take the Constitution with us, altered perhaps in details of its working, but with its essential principle unclouded, our effective liberties preserved?

II

SPOKESMEN of the Administration, it may be noted, make no promise of going backward. The New Deal is nothing if not new. "As you were!" is not in their vocabulary of command. The more drastic of the new acts, it is true, are limited to two years, at the end of which, one may hope, the crisis of depression will be past. Congress will resume its normal function; the historic constitutional balance will be restored. But, in the nature of the case, can such a going backward be permanent? Will it not rather be *pour mieux sauter* — to go forward again under more normal conditions, aided by the practical experience of those two years?

According to the new Administration, the historic American system is out of joint even in its normal working. As Mr. Baruch puts it, it "periodically disgorges indigestible masses of unconsumable products." The only result can be recurrent crises in which a "desperate struggle for the scant remaining business" brings on cutthroat competition, bankruptcy, and "the degradation of labor standards." Millions are forced to the verge of starvation amid plenty — because of plenty. According to Mr. Baruch, the idea of perpetuating such a system is "public lunacy."

Mr. Roosevelt's statements are far less sensational, being guarded as befits a responsible statesman when approaching moot questions hedged about with long-accepted dogma; but his meaning is the same. His campaign speech at San Francisco stated clearly all the essential principles of the New Deal — it was perhaps the most original and constructive utterance of its kind in our history. What he called for was "a more permanently safe order of society," and the means he proposed were precisely those which he has since followed and is progressively following. In his philosophy, not merely the activities hitherto subjected to commission government are, as the legal phrase has it, "affected with a public interest" — railways, banks, and public utilities; private industry also must be brought under national control. "Private economic power is, to enlarge an old saying, a public trust as well. . . . The responsible heads of industry, instead of each acting for himself, must work together to achieve the common end . . . in reciprocal self-denial." *Must* is a strong word — how strong can best be seen in the measure of national control set up by the National Industrial Recovery act.

If further evidence is required concerning the radical nature of the thought embodied in the New Deal and the permanence of the structure it intends, it may be found in books lately published by two of Mr. Roosevelt's most intimate advisers. *Modern Corporations and Private Property*, of which Adolf A. Berle, Jr. is part author, is a scholarly survey of the financial and executive organization of our great industrial units, and a masterly analysis of the increasing hardship they work upon stockholders and the consuming public — a thoroughgoing demonstration of the vast extent to which all business is affected with a public interest. Nothing could be more convincing as to the need of drastic reorganization under the supervision of men empowered to assert the rights of the nation as a whole. *The Industrial Discipline and the Governmental Arts*, by Rexford G. Tugwell, is briefer, more generalized, and more explicit as to remedies. Pointing to the gigantic wastes of *laissez faire*

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as it now operates, and to the inevitability of recurrent cataclysms, it proposes national planning under a "United States Industrial Integration Board" which shall have power to regulate prices and wages in the interest of stable production and an increased consumption.

A concept thus emerges of high philosophic and constitutional import. Can a nation call itself free if it finds itself periodically on the verge of bankruptcy and starvation in the face of the fact that it possesses all the materials of the good life? Obviously not. To be free, a nation must command and enjoy its own. But to that end the Old Deal is no longer sufficient. Whatever the case in the past, liberty is not now a simple and a single thing, merely "individual." The happiest nation is no longer that which is governed least. Individual liberty is still *one* essential of free government; but it has proven illusory and vain unless safeguarded and fostered by collective control. Thus collective control is only another name for collective liberty. Like a double star, liberty has two elements, one green and one red, the combined radiance of which gives out the pure white light. Or, in Oom Paul Kruger's homelier phrase, one hand washes the other.

We are living in a welter of new forces, and of new ideas they have engendered, which are flatly opposed to deep instincts and long-cherished dogmas. More than that, we are face to face with an extension of our Constitution which may prove little less than a transformation.

III

THE STATEMENT is less alarming than it may sound. Though we seldom realize it, the Constitution is only in part a written instrument. Thus the method by which we now elect all representatives and enact legislation, the party system, is not only *not* provided for in the document of 1787 but is radically opposed to the basic theory of it — a departure which Washington did his best to forestall in perhaps the most eloquent passage of his *Farewell Address*. As regards the administrative tribunal, "government by commission," one may likewise look in vain for any specific authorization. Yet no one doubts that it is thoroughly constitutional. Whole regions of our Constitution are unwritten, quite in the English manner, the sole (and most salutary) difference being that certain basic principles cannot be disregarded.

Nor is the present extension of commission government as radical a novelty, as alarming a portent, as it seems to those who wave the bogey of Karl Marx. From one point of view, as I hope to show, it is as much in tune with the intent of the Fathers as the party system is opposed to it. Nothing is so surprising as the open-eyed fright of conservatives — unless it be their blindness to a constitutional development which for half a century has busily, though gropingly, been preparing the way for the New Deal.

When the Interstate Commerce Bill was before Congress in 1887, one perplexed Solon exclaimed, "What is this thing that nobody understands and nobody wants, and everybody is going to vote for?" Ever since, that has been the characteristic attitude of Congress; nor was it so very much less perplexed and dismayed in the case of the Farm Bill and the National Industrial Recovery Bill. During half a century, flagrant abuses have cropped up in our industrial life, abuses of unbridled individualism, until the people back home insistently demand that they be remedied. And always the problem is so complicated, so much a matter of detailed investigation and expert control, as to be beyond the reach of general or blanket legislation. Of itself, Congress can do nothing. It passes the buck and sits back lethargic until new abuses bring a renewed popular outcry. So commissions have multiplied and swarmed upon us. Many or most of them are as futile as they are expensive, and all too many have been corrupt; yet even while Congressmen declaim against them they vote for them and have steadily increased their powers.

When the bill of 1887 reached President Cleveland he regarded it precisely as the orthodox economist now regards the measures of the New Deal. In that it provided a means of collective control it was, in his vocabulary, "socialistic." But he, too, knew that the abuses practiced by the railways were great and required study and correction; and so he signed the bill. Our development of the administrative tribunal has for the most part, presented a spectacle of

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the blind, not leading, but driven by the blind.

One venture the Congress of that time did make in blanket legislation. The Sherman Act of 1890 was, in the opinion of those who passed it, a permanent bulwark against agreements "in restraint of trade." But it was no sooner passed than it had to be extensively tinkered with to meet special cases; and it is now generally recognized as a last desperate effort to bolster up conditions and ideas long outworn. Since 1890, progress in protecting the rights and interests of the American people has consisted mainly in suspending the Act, enabling commissions to sanction breaches of *laissez faire*. Thanks to the prevailing lack of vision, commissioners have had little honor and have been shamefully underpaid. Far too often they have proved to be all too worthy of their reputation and their hire. Yet all our great commissions have been outstanding examples of ability and service.

IV

THE LATE Paul Warburg, in his book on the Federal Reserve System, made a suggestion which will probably mark an era in the development of the administrative tribunal. Hitherto, members of the Reserve Board (and indeed of all such bodies) have been appointed and reappointed by the Executive, and so have tended to be mere political placemen. What is far worse, the corporations they control, often with an iron hand, have been quite without official representation on them. Some years ago, a serious embroilment occurred between the board at Washington and the Chicago district. It was founded on a mutual misunderstanding and might well have been avoided if the two factions had been in closer touch. Mr. Warburg urged that the central board include always a sizeable minority of members sent up from the several reserve districts. The suggestion is as deeply in accord with the spirit of our republican institutions as it is practically expedient.

That idea is heart and soul of the plan which Franklin Roosevelt outlined in his San Francisco speech and is now putting in effect. Or, rather, he has developed it to a perfection toward which Mr. Warburg could only point the way. So far as possible the industries are to govern themselves without interference. "Only as a last resort, when private initiative has failed" is the national administration to take a hand. And such intervention is to proceed not from any unduly nationalistic purpose, much less from any socialistic purpose, but as the only possible safeguard alike of the individual producer and the individual consumer. "The Government, without whose existence the property rights could not exist, must intervene not to destroy individualism but to protect it."

Our captains of industry and our labor leaders are alike unimpressed by the fears that still haunt disciples of *laissez faire* and Congressmen who once more mumble pseudo-Jeffersonian dogma as they once more obey the lash of necessity. It may not be that these converts have adopted the theory of the New Deal; but they have been face to face for decades with the actual conditions from which that theory is deduced, and they know from experience that those conditions must be transformed. A dozen years ago there was a coal strike that resulted from a situation identical in miniature with that which is now universal — too many miners, too many mines, too much capital in a cutthroat struggle for dividends. It was then urged, notably by *The New York Times*, that the only possible remedy was an administrative tribunal, operating under a suspension of the anti-trust laws, which should make possible a closing of the less economic mines, a shifting of superfluous labor, a rationing of production, and a stabilizing of wages and prices. Both the mine unions and the operators were up in arms, outraged by the thought of "government interference." To-day they are working together as neatly as hand in glove to secure as a privilege the thing that once seemed a degradation to their very manhood.

In this change of heart and mind, no factor has been more potent than Mr. Roosevelt's purpose of withholding so far as possible interference from national commissioners, his insistence that each industry as a unit may govern itself so long as it maintains a due regard for the rights of the people as a whole. Though business acclaims it, the opportunity is laden with dangers, equally great, which it would be utter folly to ignore. The Devil in our rugged individualism is now sick and saintly. But "when the Devil is well, the Devil a saint is he!"

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Our industries vary vastly not only in size but as to their component parts and their personnel. To organize each and all for efficient self-government is a task of the utmost novelty and difficulty — impossible without a maximum of intelligence and mutual forbearance. And always there is the problem of the ultimate consumer. In *Modern Corporations and Private Property*, Mr. Berle has shown brilliantly how deeply the consumer is concerned in the management of the industries upon which he depends for the means of the good life. But how shall *he* be represented in the control of all of them? So far as has yet appeared, it can only be by "interference" from Washington in something very like the familiar manner. There is also to be considered the importance of the all-inclusive national plan, to which each industry, large and small, must be in some measure subservient.

If we are to develop an efficient industrial self-government, in short, it can only be through an exercise of wisdom and public spirit of which our business men have not hitherto shown themselves generally capable. And at best a large measure of national control will be requisite from the start — which, it may be noted, is abundantly provided.

V

THOUGH THE problem confronts us in terms of the twentieth century, it bears a striking resemblance to that which confronted the Fathers in 1787. Then as now, the nation, with all its splendid resources, was on the verge of bankruptcy for the lack of central organization and guidance. The eighteenth-century problem was one of refractory sovereign states, large and small. To-day those states have virtually ceased to exist, except on the map and in a political system somewhat out of touch with the times; the vital and functioning organs of the nation are no longer territorial, for they are its several industries and utilities. But under *laissez faire* the modern units are no less refractory, and the national welfare no less clouded and hampered, than under the old Articles of Confederation. How are we to bring order out of chaos? Precisely according to the method of 1787 — by "building a new roof," as the homely old phrase had it, a roof under which local autonomy will play at give-and-take with national control. So far as possible, each industry is to run its own affairs. But the national interest remains paramount, the national authority supreme. One hand washes the other, until both are clean.

In a further respect the resemblance is striking. Not until the nineteenth century did the dogma of direct mass rule gain even a lip service. The basic theory of the Constitution was republican. Supreme authority, both original and ultimate, lay with the people in mass; but, at any given time, the actual conduct of affairs was to be in the hands of men of the utmost ability, experience and independence. Both president and Senate were chosen, not by direct vote, but by the "refining" and "filtering" process of electoral college and state legislature. They were to be, in terms of the eighteenth century, an equivalent of the modern technician and captain of industry; and they were to act without regard to political pressure. Under the New Deal, expert ability and character, completely freed from the trammels of trifling party politics, should come into the seats of control.

Students of modern political speculation will find in this state of the New Deal, organized along the lines of its functioning industrial units, an idea basic in syndicalism. Likewise, many or most of the ideas now operative at Washington may be traced back to the most radical thinkers — among others, to Veblen and his *Soviet of Technicians*, to the Douglas planners, and to the Technocrats. Fruitless and futile as socialism has been, in all its forms, when faced by the test of systematic construction, it has been unfailingly brilliant in analysis, giving us the most realistic and luminous diagnosis of the modern abuses of capitalism. Economists and statesmen of the old line have emulated the ostrich, hiding their terrified heads in the sand. But the younger generation have been thinking furiously, as the French say; and they have found that the results of their thought have a curious applicability to the shortcomings which time has developed in our government of business.

While Time's wheels run, they tell us, it is not possible to go back to the Constitution; but, in proportion as it is an instrument of wisdom and might, it is possible and indispensable that we go forward to it.

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RELAX IS ALL

A Short Story

BY TESS SLESINGER

Drawing by Donald McKay

She rode Commanche badly, sitting him with no sense of ease or mastership, she let him jog her this way or that as he wanted, and when he turned his captious neck homeward, because if he couldn't keep up with the others he would rather get back and brood by himself in the corral, she let him have his head for several yards before she could succeed in guiding him back to the narrow, sandy path that edged the lake. He despised her anyway because of the way her citified old-maid bottom bounced up and down on his back, sliding her weight first to this side, then to that, of the saddle. But chiefly he despised her because she rode him so far behind the others; he wanted to be up in front with his kind, he wanted to spatter them with sand when he bounded suddenly ahead, he even wanted sand and water splashed in his own rheumy eyes when he fell behind; he wanted to nose his big head between Piute's slim, mustang rear and the great, powerful hind quarters of Coyote, he wanted to dash playfully beyond Chiquita who was ridden by Bud, and then when Chiquit', who was an old lead horse and could bear no more than her cowboy rider to be anywhere but in the lead, spurted leaping and panting past him he wanted to flick her good-naturedly with his tail, side-step in a cute way he had and elbow Chiquita and Bud gently into the water. But not with bony, down-east, old-maid gal on his back, who held him in (through fear, God knows: she would have given up her position in New York to follow them once, being one of them on their mad gallops down the beach) while the others dashed off the minute their hoofs met the hard sand.

Ethel Blake knew that she enjoyed no respect from her horse, although she had learned to saddle him herself and did so tenderly, being careful not to fasten the cinch too tight round his great belly, and although God knew she more than obeyed Bud's injunction never to run a horse till he dropped. But when she entered the corral she imagined Commanche's face fell, that he eyed her gloomily and shied away as though hoping against hope that she would change her mind about catching him. In the beginning, before his spirit was broken and before he had grown ashamed to look his fellows in the face, he had fought her; once he had set the bit and run with her clinging to the pommel, her feet clasping his belly, the stirrups flying wild, while he dashed over rocks and leaped sage until she was frightened nearly to death. A better rider, Bud had said afterward, would probably have fallen. But Miss Blake — you ride so stiff, can't you relax more, he kept saying (his blue eyes wandering to Mrs. Montague who sat her horse like the upper part of a centaur) can't you just take it easy; relax is all, he said.

II

Relax! Back east in New York Miss Blake had a desk, she had an office; there was winter,

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and spring, summer, then fall; and in all those seasons except just for two months of the summer Miss Blake could be found behind her desk and in her office — and what would happen if she relaxed? Relax, the cowboy said (who despised her as much as her horse did). Imagine Ethel Blake "relaxing." Why, her name would waltz off the printed letterheads, her files would tip over and spill out their carefully catalogued contents, mixing the cases which needed immediate attention with the cases she had marked with her own red pencil "Closed — E. B." Imagine Dr. Stratton coming for the Monday afternoon seminar held in her office and finding *Miss Blake* relaxing!

But the very thought of Dr. Stratton (after a decade of sitting side by side and nodding intellectually behind their glasses at lectures on neuroses, on conditioned reflexes, on sublimation, she was sure they had come to look alike) — the very thought of Stratton and the Decade Report she was supposed to be working on while curing her asthma filled her with disgust. She had shoved it all back in her trunk the second night on the ranch and she would have blushed with shame if any of the others had stumbled upon it. She wished she could have laid away her glasses on top of the pile of folders. But she couldn't see to the lake without them.

The others of course were riding a quarter mile's run ahead of her, along the curve of the beach. It was a short distance, especially when viewed with blinking eyes across the blazing Nevada sand, which danced a little with heat waves in the air. But it was an insurmountable distance to Miss Blake, who had shut away her real life in a trunk, who could read Proust in French and had been wishing all summer that she couldn't, who would now gladly have sold her diplomas and her printed articles and her scholastic reputation to catch up just once with the others, to hear Bud say once, Hot diggity, gal! how you can ride! to have Commanche turn round and nip her affectionately on the toe of her boot.

The thing was, she thought, she had made of her horse a symbol, a something to conquer. If she could not control a horse then how on earth was she to control that more shapeless thing, her life? Yes, she had published her modest articles on pedagogy, she had seen her name in print (and Stratton told her her articles were more than meaty, they were brilliant, he said), but none of it mattered any more, and it had stopped mattering the very first day when Bud had helped her to mount Commanche for the first time and she sat there getting the feel of him in her unaccustomed limbs while Bud stood on the ground beside her, grinning: Now all you got to do is just sit back and relax, let yourself go; relax is all.

It seemed a sort of madness when she thought of how she talked all day with the little boy Jimmie (her only friend on the ranch; she *did* have a "way" with other people's children, and the fat little boy and herself were always together being left out of things) about sitting a horse and grooming a horse and how Bud had said Jimmie held his feet well in the stirrups and that Miss Blake was beginning to put her shoulders back and how a horse caught cold in the corral if you didn't walk him home to cool him off. And then she would fall asleep and wake in the night screaming or trying to, because there would be Commanche in her dream, looming twice his height with his head (rather human, with his lower lip stretched out like Bud's) carried toward her on a neck that stretched longer and longer as though to attack. So it's come to this, she thought, sighing and putting her hand forward timidly to touch Commanche's neck; I came out with work to do and books to read, and I have thrown them all away and my past life too because I have fallen in love with a horse who does not reciprocate. . . .

III

But the others, a quarter mile ahead, were deserting the shore-path and cutting across the broad sandy beach toward a rocky formation a hundred jagged meters high, topped by the accidental perfection of an Indian's profile which gave it its name: Indian Head it was called, and it was said to contain a mysterious cave if only one were lucky enough to find the entrance. She could see them going slowly at last, because Bud at this point always reminded them that the soft sand was bad to canter over, the horses' legs might double under them. She had heard him say it in his drawling voice a hundred times, and he al-

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ways added, "Now old Chiquit' here, she got stuck one time with one of her forelegs and where any other horse would have gone haywire and thrown her rider and busted her own leg, Chiquit' here just pulled herself up by the boot strap and laughed; laughed is all."

She tried to prod Commanche into moving faster. But she had developed a sullen horse, and each time she prodded him he broke into a small, deceitful trot which he abandoned the second her heel left his flank. And so they approached the group, walking stiltedly until they reached the point where the hoofs of Commanche's friends had turned up leaving their little hollowed prints in the soft sand. And then because he was so glad to see his fellows again, Commanche without any warning and totally disregarding the danger to his own legs, sprinted forward, exposing her to his difficult, jouncy trot before the eyes of his kind and her kind.

Already the horses were standing in their patient, restful line, each one with the rein of his colleague behind him slung over his own pommel, and his own rein slung over the pommel of the friend who stood before him. Ethel Blake dismounted in her awkward way, and watched while little Jimmie threw her rein over the pommel of Chiquita's saddle.

They were sprawled leaning and lying against the great rock, handing the canteen that had been carried round Chiquita's neck from one to another. Now Mrs. Montague passed it with a kindly gesture, handing it to Bud and nodding upward toward Miss Blake. But Bud with his insolent grin lifted it as though he would drink a toast and tilted it to his own lips. She watched him as he sat drinking with his eyes closed and the long sun-bleached lashes coming down on his cheeks like a baby's, his ridiculous cowboy hat pushed far back off his sweating forehead. She took in the boots that were the pride of his life with the green butterflies painted on the sides; the hot baby tatooed in color on his chest, left bare under the theatrical knotted handkerchief round his neck; the ring with the big Nevada turquoise, bluer and greener than a stone of any value, on his brown finger; the gaudy, snake-skin band on his hat. She discovered that he was cheap as well as stupid; a Nevada edition of a Broadway go-getter. Then he passed the canteen on to her, and the thing felt warm on the outside, and it smelled horsey a little, from the sweat on Chiquita's neck. She thought she detected a salty taste of Bud's healthy spittle around the canteen's mouth, and although it disgusted her sharply for an instant, she put her lips around it nevertheless and felt comforted by its warmth which was the warmth of another person.

"Let us be up and doing!" cried Mrs. Montague. "Let's explore! now that we've rested and drunk."

Bud had come prepared with a flashlight for the inside of the cave, and now they all caught sight of a sheath knife hanging from his belt as well.

"Good heavens, what's the knife for?"

"Rattlers is all," said Bud, shooting his blue gaze at them all and smiling because he was too stupid to understand fear: he thought it a dude affectation.

"Rattlers!" Mrs. Montague's eyes brightened. "But not for my little boy. Jimmie, you are staying here with the horses."

The little boy with his fat, freckled, brooding face, looked as though he would have wept then and there if he hadn't been ashamed before Bud. Miss Blake thought: what is it to me if I see the inside of an Indian cave? what is it to any of them if I go in with them or stay outside, on the outside, with my damn brains and eyeglasses and thin legs and my admirable way with other people's children? So she said, "I'll stay with you, Jimmie, we can tan our legs and keep old Midnight from rolling in the sand."

"What a gal," said Bud. "See you don't do anything I wouldn't do, Jimmie."

Mrs. Montague, relieved, flashed her dazzling smile: "Oh Miss Blake, you're a darling! I wouldn't dream of letting you, only I know how you and Jimmie simply adore being together!" Down over one eye she pulled her scarlet beret, and then she was up and over the rocks following after Bud and the others.

They could hear their voices as they skirted the rocky base, seeking entrance. Somebody shouted, and they were alone in the world, an old maid, a little boy, and half a dozen horses.

All the horses stood together, now and then rubbing their noses against the backside of a friend, now whisking a tail, now sleepily rolling

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a great stupid eye toward Jimmie and Ethel Blake. Then there was commotion among them; all of them were realizing that it was a longish rest and they settled down to it, turning round as far as their bridles would permit, until at last they stood, broken into pairs, almost static, Midnight and Piute standing flank touching flank, and Chiquita's long neck stretched in peace over Commanche's thick and sturdy one.

"Don't you think Buddy's just great?" said Jimmie with a little tremor in his voice.

"Yes," said Ethel Blake absently.

"I wish I could ride with a silver dollar between me and the saddle, like Bud. I wish I had a nickname. Do you think I'll be anything like Bud when I grow up, Miss Blake?"

She had never before gone back on Jimmie or on any child. But suddenly it seemed that she must assert herself in some way, if only by being rude to a child.

"How foolish you are, Jimmie," she said sharply; "why Bud is nothing but an ignorant cowboy." She tore her eyes from the boy's hurt gaze to look out and out over a lake that filled her chest with pain. The bitterest sense of frustration came over her. It was as though she had never believed before that this was she, this pinched old-maid lady, who spent her evenings wearing herself out at seminars and meetings to keep herself from ever having a moment in which to feel something. The trouble with this desert climate and this western life was that they made one dizzy with a sense of potentiality and weak with the knowledge of it squandered. She felt it in her lungs, in her breast, in her brain, in the very muscles of her legs, the knowledge that she might have power for the first time in her life, and that it was bottled up tight in her because no one came to draw it out.

"I think you're a fine little boy, and you'll be a fine man, Jimmie darling," she said sadly. But he was hurt beyond repair.

"I wish they'd hurry, don't you, Miss Blake?"

They waited sadly beside the rock. Miss Blake felt that she would never recover from the failure that she had learned herself to be this summer. Chiquita stamped a foot in her sleep, and Commanche, stirring and shifting his weight, whinnied softly; Miss Blake wished for a good friend who would whinny to her.

IV

"I HEAR them!" said Jimmie at last.

"Oh, the scariest place! Spiders . . . Bones . . . not white because they've been in the dark for dear knows how long . . . an arrow-head for Jimmie . . . perfectly fascinating, Miss Blake . . ."

"My hatband!" said Bud in a squeaky voice. And took off his large and idiotic cowboy hat, and sure enough his snake-skin band, brand new, was gone. He kept twirling the hat round and round on his finger but it wasn't there.

"Someone will find it next century," said Mrs. Montague.

"I'm going back to find it *now*," said Bud.

"My God, get another, silly," they all cried.

"Someone's got to come in and hold the flashlight," said Bud obstinately.

And "Nobody's going to go back with you," they all cried, "what a fuss to make."

"I'm going to find it is all," said Bud, "I'm not going back till I've found it."

"Well, nobody's going to wait," they cried, moving toward the horses.

All but Ethel Blake. They didn't *get* him, she saw that. She was used to children; she understood them; she had a way with them. Here was a twenty-nine-year-old child who had lost his snake hatband; he would never be happy again if he didn't find it; if he found it he would forget it to-morrow, he would be dreaming about the green butterflies painted on his boots or a dirty scene he wanted tatooed on his thigh. But if he didn't find it he would have a lost place, a hurt place, inside of his chest forever, he would be thinking all of his life (and even if he didn't know it himself, Miss Blake couldn't bear knowing it for him) of the hatband lying abandoned, lying rotting in a dark cave, maybe waiting, maybe feeling hurt, for him to come back and save it. He would be thinking how all his luck had changed for the worst since the day that he had lost it; how for the two days he had had it he was the luckiest cowboy in Nevada. He frowned now, he was sulky, sullen, angry. But she knew he frowned because if he didn't look that way he would weep before them all.

"Well, I'm not tired," she said calmly. "I'll go back in with you and hold the flashlight."

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His blue eyes rested on her in astonishment. "Will you? Say, that's mighty nice."

She thought as she turned to follow him that Mrs. Montague gave her an amused look; but she stared right back, grave and a little stubborn, and then she thought Mrs. Montague's look became definitely kind and not in the least malicious. She followed Bud around the rocky base and when she saw him at last put his great boot on a ledge and start to climb swiftly without a thought or a backward glance for her she wondered if she dared to follow him further. But something seemed to be driving her so that she could have stopped no more than a ball rolling down hill. Her foot with surprising ease found the ledge, her second foot came after, and there was Miss Blake (oh terribly afraid of high places; who had almost taken Dr. Stratton by the arm once in Carnegie Hall because her breath faded away when she looked down), there was Miss Blake stepping calmly over crevices that revealed long slits of distance between herself and the ground, and running to catch up over narrow plateaux that held their breath on the edge of steep walls that dropped sheer a hundred feet. But she wasn't in the least afraid now. There was real danger, so she wasn't in the least afraid now, besides, she *couldn't* have stopped.

She saw him stoop; his legs went down; he was lowering himself, and coming after, she saw that here was the way in. She followed him down and they were in sudden darkness until she clicked the flashlight. Crouching all the time they climbed round and in, deeper into the heart of the rock; all the time the passage grew damper and darker, and looking back she could see the hole of daylight above them growing smaller and farther away. Round and round the path wound, every minute farther from reality, from day, from air, till the hole of light was a speck and then nothing. Round and round, like a path into the heart of a magnified sea shell.

"Flash it lower," he called brutally. She flashed the light round and round, expertly, while she watched him stoop and snoop and cover every inch of the ground with his nose down like a hound following out a scent. "It wouldn't have been here," he said. "Flash it over on the left. Not here, damn it."

It was not there and it was not there. Miss Blake shared his sorrow. But they climbed farther in. She was frightened of the place. But she was very happy. Wherever her light flashed it illuminated spider webs with spiders as large and coarse and fierce as crabs. A bat whirred past her ears. There might be snakes. But she hoped their sojourn in the cave would never end.

"God damn it," he whined, near to crying, although surely he didn't know it himself. "God damn it, we're nearly through, we'll be coming out soon, and I haven't found the God damn thing."

Ethel Blake knew suddenly that they must find it. If they didn't, then her summer was surely the total loss she had been thinking it was and her life an irretrievable failure. She would crawl back home to New York and let her body droop and let herself go quietly to pieces until she died. She must find it and she must give it to him.

She saw it. It looked pathetic, lost, unwanted. For the thousandth time in her life she thought how an inanimate thing had a quality, borrowed a something of its possessor, like a woman or a child. The band lay curled with sweat, partly on its side, very lonely and brave and scared.

It was directly ahead of Bud, caught on the side of the wall. She flashed her light quickly on the opposite side. He was crawling ahead faster now, he was miserable, bitter, he had just about given it up.

She held her breath.

He was safely past it!

She waited a moment because her heart was beating terribly. "I've found it, Bud," she said.

"What? you've *got* it? Are you *sure?*"

She held it swaggeringly above her head and with her other hand flashed the light directly on it.

He looked at it and reached out for it. Suddenly, and perhaps for the first time in her life, Ethel Blake grew coy, she dangled something and she withheld something, she felt her power come true and she let a man's eye rest on a thing she held in her hand and then deliberately she stuck her hand behind her back. The cowboy started laughing; it was a game he knew, a game he played, as easily and

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naturally as he swooped down from the back of a running horse and picked up a fallen bandanna. He could afford to stand there laughing, because he knew Miss Blake could not withhold for long. And as for Ethel Blake, she became female and powerful, she felt as she stood there putting her head on one side and smiling that she must even, for the only time in her life, look *cute*.

"Give it here, gal." His voice was taunting. His blue eyes gazed laughing into hers.

She had no practice in this sort of thing.

"Wouldn't you really like it though?" she said shyly, and loved herself for being so hard and so soft all at once.

"Will you lissen at the gal?" said Bud.

"Try and get it," said Ethel Blake faintly.

"Can't hit a gal with glasses," said Bud.

She almost brushed them off.

"Now put down the flashlight."

Trembling she put it down.

"Bet you can't," she whispered.

And then he was holding both of her wrists in his. But she hid her right hand behind her back, clutching the snake-band in a fist which would open only when the right time came.

He twisted her wrist. He bent over her and his laughing became panting as they struggled. His breath came in her face, went down her neck. She never stopped laughing, not for a minute, but it was serious laughter as laughter should be; laughter at something real and something really gay.

Her wrists burned, and when the cowboy reached around her back and found the hand that clasped his band nestled tight against the small of her back, her fist relaxed because it knew it was time. He unfolded every finger of her hand slowly, with a tortuous and tactical strength, a strength that held itself in check only because it was biding its time. One by one her fingers died pleasantly in his grasp, and then he wheedled the snake-band out of her palm and at the same moment kicked the flashlight so that it rolled over and went out and left them in the dark.

He was stuffing his snake-band into the back pocket of his jeans with one hand but with the other he held her firmly. Their laughter stopped. His right hand came back and traveled rapidly to her heart, while he took his lips away from her mouth to whisper slyly: "You'll never guess what I've found." She smelled horse on him, she smelled Chiquita, his other love. She smelled sweat and she smelled the clean desert dust on his jeans that had grown there through a whole summer, because he said to wash blue jeans was to shrink them so they would never span a saddle again. She felt his legs wrapping strongly about hers with those muscles that were used to hugging the flanks of a horse, and she felt with her bold fingers the strength in his neck which was stout and hard, stubborn, like the neck of Commanche when Commanche was going to have his way with her. Then his lips came down hard over hers and with her last conscious, verbalized thought she imagined him drawling, Relax, gal; just let yourself go; relax is all.

V

They came out into the world again, and Chiquita and Commanche were standing there together, Chiquit' with her head across Commanche's neck, and both of them fast asleep with their eyes wide open and each with one foot curled delicately at rest. Chiquita lifted her head and saw Bud, rolled her nostrils bitterly and waggled her ears like a wife who had had a perfectly good time but was going to give her man hell nevertheless.

Bud went straight to the fastening of his snake-band onto his hat. But Miss Blake, who might have helped him, who might have leaned over and reminded him of her presence under Chiquita's jealous eye, was filled with strength and pride and a desire to show Commanche. So she tossed his bridle free of Chiquita's pommel and tightened the cinch which had come loose around his belly, tucking in the end so it would not dangle and brush against his legs. Bud meanwhile sat by, intent upon his hatband, murmuring conciliatingly, "Chiquit', old Chiquit', hello Chiquit' old gal," as Chiquita angrily stamped her foot. He scarcely saw Miss Blake until she had slipped her foot into the stirrup and leaped up over Commanche's back. Then he looked up in surprise, remembering, and cried out: "Hey, wait a minute there, gal! wait for Bud!"

She laughed and dug her heels into Commanche's flank. Commanche didn't believe it. Commanche was for waiting for Chiquita and he couldn't see Ethel Blake not waiting for

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Bud. So he stood still stubbornly. She pressed her heels again, hard and sudden as though she meant business, and Commanche started in surprise across the soft sand. When they reached the path that ran along the lake he took the little leap over the bank and then stopped dead as much as to say a joke's a joke but this one has gone far enough; but Ethel Blake, hearing Bud's taunting laugh from across the beach, would have none of it, and she kept kicking and kicking her horse until she had kicked him into spirit again, kicked him out of surprise and into a nice even canter on the hard sand.

Rocked in the valley between his great hillock of a behind and the uptwist of his thick, sturdy neck, she sat with her legs strongly outspread embracing his sides, her body following his rhythm as easily as though they had been a pair of expert tango partners. Beside the large forward movement there was a smaller motion of rolling, backward and forward, too gentle to be sliding, backward and forward and very gently up and down, almost circular, a lilting motion, powerful and very gay.

Ethel Blake and Commanche heard them coming up behind. Ethel Blake seized the end of her bridle and stung Commanche as far back as she could reach and at the same moment she dug both of her heels into his flanks, and when Commanche shook his head to show her that she was still like a city gal holding him in with the reins, she caught on suddenly to the art of riding and gave him his head with a thorough confidence that she had mastered him at last. He broke into a full run, leaping over the little bays on the shore's edge or splashing through the water because he had not time to slacken his speed or to waste going around the little scallops. Chiquita came dancing in their rear, her breath coming angry and joyful behind them, until she was so close that her nose snuggled against Commanche's backside, and "Faster! Faster!" cried Ethel Blake, and slapped Commanche on both sides with the end of the rein and kicked him with all her strength.

Now for Miss Blake there was no motion, nothing at all but sitting tight and flying through space with the ecstatic assurance that she would be caught and beaten; so paralyzed with joy and with terror and with a kind of unbearable excited suspense that she thought she would die when the horses came parallel.

The path was too narrow for two great horses. Chiquita nudged Commanche out of her way, sprinted forward; there was a wild whoop from Bud who reached out suddenly and touched her shoulder, and then the two horses were exactly parallel and Bud and Ethel Blake were riding side by side like lovers, and Ethel Blake knew that this was the finest moment in her thirty-five years of life.

For a few seconds the horses ran abreast, and then Bud dashed ahead on Chiquita. When Commanche saw his friend beating him he sprinted desperately, but Chiquita was an old lead horse as against his having been brought up to round cattle, so he decided to be game, and side-stepping in that cute way he had almost forgotten, he elbowed Chiquita gently into the water. Chiquit' stumbled and splashed, righted herself under Bud's expert guiding hand, and when she had regained the path she was already ahead of Commanche. So there was nothing for Commanche to do but to stretch his neck and ever so lightly nip Chiquita's hind parts and then fall behind, which is where a cattle horse belongs.

Miss Blake pulled him out of his gallop and helped him to subside back into his jouncy trot. And then they walked slowly together like friends. In Ethel Blake's heart (which was still pounding furiously from the run and the terror) there was a peace which she had never guessed existed, almost as though she had died, but died such a brilliant death that it didn't matter if she never came alive again. But Commanche's sides were running with sweat, and his whole big frame was collapsing and swelling with his quick and happy breathing; every few steps his legs shot out from under him as though he would be off again on a run, although there was no strength left in him. Ethel Blake put out a hand on his hot neck and spoke to him softly, to calm him. "There, Commanche; take it easy, darling. Simple and natural, relax — relax is all." He quivered. Then her touch and her voice succeeded in soothing him. Turning his long head with a kind of solemn humor he nipped gently at the toe of her boot. And then he threw up his head and laughed; laughed is all.

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SCIENCE CHANGES ITS MIND

BY WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

VICTORIAN science was highly offensive to poets and theologians because it reduced the universe to a machine in which man had no purpose. God was an engineer who had designed the mechanism and who turned a crank and made the stars and planets move in predetermined ways. Some natural laws had been discovered that made it possible to predict exactly what would happen under known circumstances. Thus all the eclipses that will occur for the next thousand years were tabulated, with the certainty that the times given for the total obscuration of the sun were correct. The same inevitability was found to lie at the base of all engineering and chemistry. Steam engines, electric generators, incandescent lamps, hoisting machinery — they resulted from applying natural laws. If man seemed to stand apart and to exercise free will in an erratic way, it was because he, too, was a machine, but a machine so much more complicated than a steam-engine or a solar system that too little was known as yet about his atoms and their interrelations. Even so distinguished a mathematical physicist as the late Lord Kelvin, perhaps the most brilliant scientific mind of the late nineteenth century, found no satisfaction in a theory that could not be explained by a mechanical model. The machine worked so splendidly that science was sure of itself. Ultimately every little tooth on every little cog would be known and plotted. Nothing would be impossible in exact science.

That mechanical universe is now gone. Yet paradoxically enough, the poets and the mystics have not discovered it. Indeed they have reconciled themselves to it; they glorify it; they sing of steel and bridges, test tubes, and speed; and they fancy themselves *en rapport* with the scientific movement. Yet physical science has discarded the machine and has begun to look to the poet and the mystic for enlightenment. A man like Professor Alfred North Whitehead actually quotes Wordsworth and wonders whether *The Excursion* is not closer to reality than the astronomers who photograph stars and the physicists who measure forces in laboratories. Science has never been so unpretentious, so meek, so idealistic.

It must be said for the old Victorian machine-universe that an educated man could understand it even though he were not a trained physicist. A diagram could be drawn or a model built that was comprehensible to anyone who drove an automobile. But the heavens now declare the glory of God and the structure of matter in equations. The popularizer of science who tries to explain in accordance with the new knowledge why the planets circle around the sun, why stars shine, or why stoves send out heat finds himself much in the position of trying to give an Eskimo some conception of *The Star Spangled Banner* by wordy analogies. There is nothing to do with a song but to sing it. Never can the most poetically moving talk reveal it. Unfortunately, the equations in which the closed, finite universe or the atom of to-day is explained cannot be sung or played on the piano. Either we must become mathematicians or accept the seemingly mad conclusions of the theoretical physicists on faith.

ELECTRONS AND MYSTICISM

TWO DOCTRINES have governed the course of physical science in our day. One, the Theory of Relativity, has transformed our conception of time and space and of mass and energy; the other, the Principle of Uncertainty, has enthroned free will. The Theory of Relativity gave us a universe as obedient to law and order as that of Newton; the Principle of Uncertainty, an atom composed of capricious

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and mysterious electrons. In place of the beautiful Victorian simplicity and self-consistency we have confusion. We have a universe that is younger than the stars of which it is composed, matter which is mere emptiness and in which substance is meaningless. Even the old trust in experimenting, testing, and measuring is gone. It turns out that the most searching experiment is but a kind of wish-fulfilling. We try to measure the forces within an atom only to find that our measuring rods are worthless. And we end, for the moment, in a questioning despair. Is the universe unknowable?

The old Victorian machine began to creak badly at the opening of the century. It was found that the luminous stream in an X-ray tube could be drawn aside by a magnet — a strange behavior of what was later found to be light. The stream proved to be composed of particles of electricity, called electrons — particles much smaller than atoms, the hypothetically ultimate units. Radium was found to be shooting off the same electrons, among other darts; it would take thousands of years to stagnate into lead. Transmutation! So the old alchemists were not idle dreamers! The whole theory of the atom was shaken. Something had to take its place.

Still clinging to Victorian conceptions, Rutherford gave us another machine. Under the new dispensation the atom became a solar system in miniature. In the center was a nucleus; around it electrons revolved like planets. An atom of hydrogen, which stood at the head of the table of elements, had one electron revolving around a nucleus. At the foot of the table, the ninety-second place, stood uranium, with a cloud of ninety-two electrons around the nucleus. All this worked very well for a time. Young Moseley, killed at Gallipoli, had shown the meaning of a numerical place in the table. It simply indicated the number of revolving electrons — one for hydrogen, ninety-two for uranium. That still holds.

Alas, the system was too mechanical. In accordance with Newton's laws, the outer electrons should have fallen into the central nucleus long ago, just as the planets will some day fall into the sun. On paper, at least, the whole universe had collapsed, composed as it was of atoms. Then came Professor Niels Bohr with a theory that explained admirably why suns and lamp filaments glow — something no one had satisfactorily explained before. The electrons were jumping from orbit to orbit in a very unplanetary way, thus radiating light, heat, and electric waves. When the physicists tried to follow the Victorian method of predicting how, why, and when the electrons would leap, they were baffled. Electrons ignored time and space. Or as one physicist put it: "They seem to be able to make the calculations that tell them where to jump." Cause and effect were abandoned and with them the whole mechanism of determinism. And if cause and effect ceased to reign in the atom, what of a universe made of such atoms? Cause and effect have no more place out among the stars than within the atom. The way for free will, mysticism, supernaturalism is opened. A man like Eddington finds a certain resemblance between the brain and an atom. "There is nothing in the physical world to predetermine what either will do." His reasoning is simple. If the electrons in an atom behave as if they had free will, and if brains are composed of these same atoms, have we any right to speak of determinism?

These disquieting conclusions are reached, not only because of Bohr, but because of Dr. Werner Heisenberg, enunciator of the Principle of Uncertainty. Baldly stated, the Principle holds this: A particle cannot have position and velocity at the same time. This looks innocent enough. But the Principle has made it necessary to throw the whole Victorian machine on the junk heap. An electron makes itself known by hitting a screen. It is a visible flash then. We think we have transfixed it. Nothing of the kind. In the very act of making itself visible, it has dissolved into something else. We say the electrons are particles and devise an experiment to prove it. Again, we say that they are waves. Another appropriate experiment proves that also. We merely set up a theory, create circumstances to prove it, and call ourselves "scientific." But no experiment can possibly prove that an electron is both a particle and a wave. What, then, is it? The truth is that scientific experimenting will not bear scrutiny when it reaches the infinitesimally small. The measurements break down.

In this extremity the mathematician enters. He may not be able to tell what single electrons

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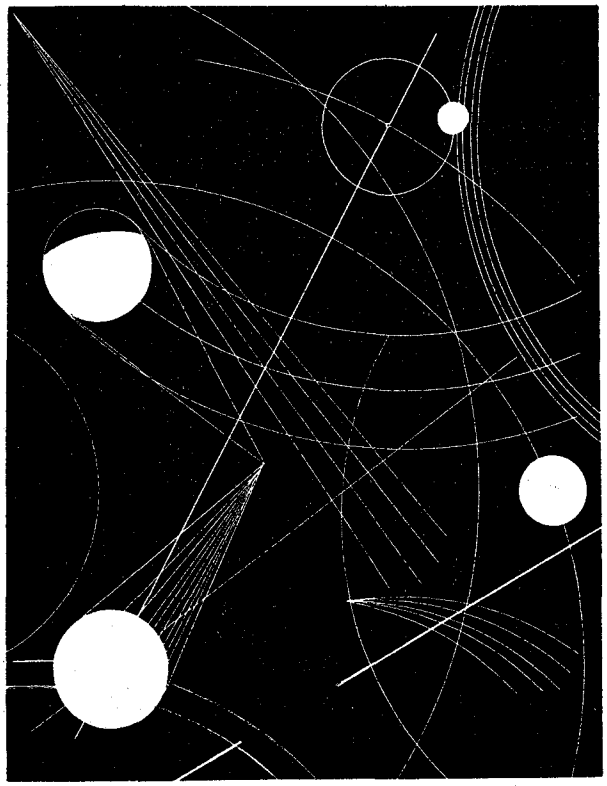

are doing, but he can handle them in groups. In fact, he is in much the position of a life insurance actuary who must deal with an immense block of living people, all endowed with free will. Nothing can be predicted about any individual in this block of living people, but it is possible at least to find out how old they are on the average, how long they will live on the average, of what they will die on the average, and what their habits are on the average. In other words, the actuary is concerned with probabilities, and so is the mathematical physicist when he tries to explain the mysteries of matter. Probabilities imply events. So the atom becomes, not a thing of substance, but a collection of events. Matter is something that happens. An atom is a ghostly, empty blur of leaps. All that we know about matter is now expressed in mathematical equations. They mean something to bombarders of atoms, to the Einsteins, Bohrs, Millikans, and Comptons of our time, but to the rest of us they are as meaningless as the printed notes of a symphony to a tone-deaf man. Lump by lump, shred by shred, bit by bit, we have torn a piece of the universe apart and beheld — what? Whirling, spinning, rushing electrons. Your hand touches mine, and if flesh does not melt into flesh, it is because of the forces involved in the whirling, spinning, and rushing. We try to capture the electrons singly and examine them. Are they not the ultimate reality? We see them as a flash on a screen or as patterns on a photograph, but they vanish in the act of thus capturing them. With them reality also vanished. We are left holding a set of equations. We have no right to say that all this is moonshine, that science has become irrational. Step by step, physics has been logically forced into this difficult position. There can be no return to the Victorian machine. Physics may be helpless in the face of the new mysticism, but at least it is honest.

Are Natural Laws Valid?

If free will reigns, what becomes of our laws of nature? They are mere conveniences, good enough for astronomers and engineers who must deal with matter and energy in the gross, but not good enough when we come to the atom and the electron — the rock-bottom of matter and reality. Not nature but the mathematicians created the laws. Throw a handful of peas into a tray. They arrange themselves in triangles that can be readily traced. It looks as if the peas had arranged themselves in obedience to a natural law. The case is so simple that we are not fooled for an instant. With the laws that have been relied upon to explain everything from the motion of the earth around the sun to the forming of a precipitate when hydrochloric acid is poured on silver nitrate, it is the same.

The very Gibraltar of physics is the famous second law of thermodynamics, which means in plain English that hot bodies give up their heat to cooler bodies, that water invariably runs down hill, and that the universe must be ultimately reduced to stagnation. Now there are doubts. Physicists are beginning to question the validity of the famous second law. It is a mere statement of probabilities. The odds are many billions to one that the sun will rise tomorrow as it has risen ever since there was an earth and a day, that a stone released from the hand will fall to the ground, that water thrown on a fire will not freeze. Hence the seeming inevitability. But remember that we deal with vast reaches of time and space in cosmical physics. The clock of the universe has been ticking only a few minutes, in a sense; each

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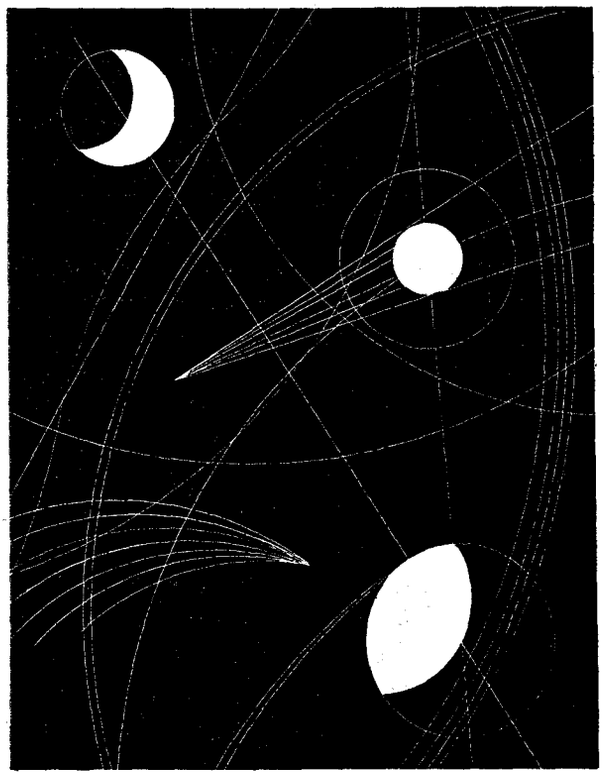
tick an æon. What right have we to extrapolate a brief experience and to assert that it holds good in infinite time? A savage sees the rain fall on the mountains and run off into rivulets. He sees rivulets swelling into streams, and streams joining rivers and pouring themselves into the sea. But of the process of evaporation from the surface of the sea, of clouds thus formed, of precipitation from the clouds, of the whole closed cycle — of all this he is unaware. Are we higher savages similarly unable to grasp the vast processes of the universe? Do we see but one phase of a cycle? Moreover, if natural laws cannot be applied to the atom, why should they be valid in a universe built up of atoms? To men like Professor R. A. Millikan the second law of thermodynamics is as good as dead: as he has expressed it, "The Creator is still on the job." So it is with all our natural laws. They are but statements of probabilities, statements to which no exceptions have been noted in ordinary human affairs, with the result that they are accepted in practical life as finalities.

Another bulwark is the law that deals with the conservation of matter. The Victorians told us that we can change matter from one form to another — coal to ashes and gas, for example — but that we cannot destroy it. But Einstein's equations throw doubt on the law. Now there is experimental reason to believe that matter can be literally annihilated — blotted out of existence, as a collection of atoms, to become radiation. It is thus that Jeans accounts for the radiance of the stars and for their hoary ages. If the Einstein equations are correct, the process ought to be reversible, which is much like saying that the radio waves that carry Toscanini's music to us can be converted back into matter, out of which the coils and tubes of a new radio set can be constructed. The process has not been observed. On the other hand, there is evidence that mass can be converted into energy. Give a particle the speed of light, for example, and there is reason to believe that it ceases to be a particle. It becomes a photon — a light-bullet, something utterly immaterial.

It is clear that we have not only scrapped the Victorian machine universe but even the immutable laws that governed it. What of the forces that astronomers and engineers managed



to measure and even control with the aid of the laws? Mere fiction. Like the laws, they serve the practical purposes of life, but they have nothing to do with reality.

The Ascendancy of Mathematics

In order to explain the mechanics of the solar system, Kepler populated space with "intelligences," "virtues," and "animal faculties." Since everything on earth in his time was pushed or pulled by animal or human muscles, it was natural to suppose that similar agencies were at work to move heavy masses. A stone fell to the ground because it had a "virtue" that made it do so. A planet was matter, like a cart. Like a cart, a planet must be pushed or pulled by a "virtue," perhaps an invisible angel. For Kepler's "virtues" Newton substituted "forces." By discovering the relationship between masses and attractive power, he reduced the universe to what seemed to be law and order. But the "forces" were just as anthropomorphic as Kepler's "animal faculties" or the invisible angels that were supposed to push planets around. The Einsteinian universe knows nothing of forces in the Newtonian sense. A planet or a ray of light can no more help speeding on a curve than a ship on its way to Europe can help sailing on a curved

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course on a spherical earth. Infinity? A mathematical convenience and nothing more. The universe is closed. It is a problem in higher geometry. In fact, more universes have been created by the mathematicians in the last ten years than the tailors have created fashions in dress coats for men.

Mathematics, not mechanics, now reigns in science. Bertrand Russell once remarked that a mathematician need not know what he is talking about. Equations are developed, not because their symbols stand for anything definite, but because they follow a natural, logical course of reasoning and satisfy a philosophic necessity. It is said that out in Pasadena, during a lecture attended by men who were his peers, Einstein chalked on a board some equation in which a strange symbol occurred. "What does that mean?" asked one inquisitive member of the audience. "I don't know," was the answer, "but it looks nice." The story may or may not be true, but it illustrates Russell's point. Out of such strange proceedings came the expanding universe. Einstein had introduced a mysterious Greek *lambda* in one of his early relativity equations. What did it represent? He inserted it merely to satisfy an esthetic, philosophic need, just as a painter puts a spot of light where it belongs to produce the desired effect in a landscape. If the mathematician need not know what he is talking about, the physicist has no such privilege. He gives the symbols a meaning. He must always know what he is talking about. As a physicist, therefore, Einstein made *lambda* stand for the "cosmological constant." What is that? Something that offsets the shrinking effect of gravitation. By giving *lambda* various values, Lemaître creates a universe on paper, a universe which explodes with such violence that an earthly detonation of dynamite seems snail-like in comparison. But is the universe like that? Drs. Hubble and Humason, out on Mt. Wilson, turn their hundred-inch telescope on the frontiers of the heavens. They actually see nebulae rushing away at the inconceivable speed of twelve thousand miles a second. It is as if the universe were a bubble that were being blown up. Every fourteen hundred million years the radius is doubled. Eddington even goes so far as to maintain that the bubble has actually burst and that millions of years must elapse before we become aware of the most terrible of all catastrophies — so vast is the space that must be bridged by light. Yet the physicists are not satisfied with the proof of the Mt. Wilson instruments. After all, the instruments are on the earth, and so are the men that manipulate them. Can we be sure that what we see here is actually occurring far, far out on the confines of the universe? May not this rushing away of the outer nebulae be an illusion? If we cannot be sure on the earth that an electron is a wave or a particle, how can we be sure of these nebulae and hence of an exploding universe? Besides, the proof is too good. It is as suspiciously perfect as a criminal's alibi. It turns out, too, that the stars are older than the universe. How can a bubble be younger than the soap-film of which it is composed? Again, we are left holding a set of mathematical equations, wondering what is the reality behind them.

Whether we analyze the atom or the universe, we deal with what Professor Levy of Imperial College, London, calls "isolates." Nature is too colossal, too complex to be grasped as a whole. The scientist must isolate aspects of it and study these separately. Only a few "isolates" can be handled mathematically or in any other way. What we have achieved, then, is merely a kind of framework. It cries out to be filled. But physics wrings its hands helplessly. It leaves out of the framework the greenness of the trees, the billowing of the sea, the stirrings of our own consciousness. With these the Victorians refused to concern themselves, yet these are now recognized as an essential part of the cosmos. The fierce belief of martyrs willing to die at the stake can no longer be dismissed because it has nothing to do with the scientific approach to the universe. Our strange flashes of insight may have a deeper meaning than we are aware. There are moments in Bach and Beethoven when the framework seems to be less empty. The more philosophical scientists are convinced that the artist and the mystic have something of importance to reveal. Accordingly, we listen for the verses of a new Lucretius singing a new *De Rerum Natura*. But we hear from poets only the ring of steel and the grinding gears of a machine, with which they have at last caught up, but which science has abandoned.

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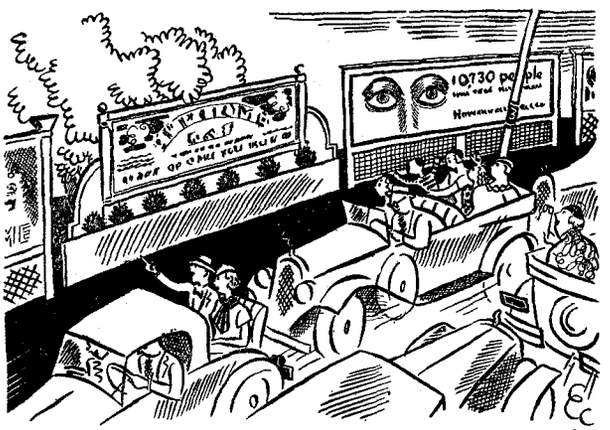
WHAT! NO BILLBOARDS?

BY JANE CASSIDY



Drawing by Barney Tobey

THERE ARE no billboards. If this affronts the evidence of your eyesight, not to mention ordinary common sense, just consult the Outdoor Advertising Association of America, Inc., which is in the happy position of having made all the rules for their particular game. Here is what they say in their little bible, *Outdoor Advertising, the Modern Marketing Force* (blue and gold, semi-limp): "The word 'Billboard' is no longer used in the Outdoor Advertising industry and is rapidly falling into disuse among those outside the industry. Instead of Billboards we now have Poster Panels and Painted Bulletins."

All this is fine and dandy — if only you could get Mrs. Jones, Mr. Milquetoast, and the rest of the public to believe it. But Mrs. Jones is a practical woman, lots brighter than she looks. If you asked her, she would probably contradict the outdoor advertising boys. "Billboards?" she would say. "Of course there are billboards. Might as well say there weren't any Tin Lizzies because they were really Model T. I may not know much about outdoor advertising, but I know what I see. The things are *there*, aren't they?"

Which, of course, is where the trouble comes in. Metaphysics cuts no ice with the general public. Some people don't like billboards — and to call them fancy names like "poster panels" doesn't mend matters a bit. Moreover, the people who really count, the advertisers and consumers, aren't interested in quibbling. Common sense is all that appeals to them, common sense and a fair return for their money. As long as billboards bring the manufacturing advertiser adequate revenue, as long as the consumer finds them useful, billboards will go on; and no longer. Meantime, nobody really cares what they call the darn things.

These are points which the outdoor advertising gentlemen do not appear to grasp. Consequently, they throw up a smoke screen of elegant verbiage, which fools nobody, when they might better be using their time in an effort to justify the billboard — if they can. Otherwise they will be licked, no matter how many synonyms they can think up.

READ AS YOU RIDE

OUTDOOR advertising, like any other advertising, is a way for the proprietor of whatever is advertised to tell the public how desirable his goods are, so that he may sell them. Now the value of any advertising lies solely in how well it can perform such service, and it begins to look as if a demonstration were due where billboards are concerned. That's what the boys should be worrying about.

Outdoor advertisements function in the same way as any other advertisements, with one important difference — the method of circulation. They do not get about themselves, like advertisements in periodicals, but sit still and let their readers come to them. They wait quietly, implacably, until their prey ventures forth, and then there they are. "It has been estimated," an outdoor advertising man once said to me in a throbbing voice, "that the average person spends four hours a day out-

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doors, traveling about. During that four hours he is away from books, magazines, newspapers, radio. He is away from all the influences by which he may be controlled at home. During that time there is no way to reach him except by outdoor advertising." (Or "billboards," as commoners would say.)

In order to insure adequate control, the outdoor advertising boys place their panels and bulletins where they will do the most good; that is, where they will be seen by the most people and have the biggest chances of putting their messages over. Right along the main highway, which taxpayers have built with their own good money, and where cars nudge each other, nose to rump, each car with its precious cargo of bright-eyed potential purchasers, is where the outdoor advertising man likes to plaster his placards. Another nice spot for him is where maybe so many folks don't go but where those who do go can't help looking at his sign, like the outside of a nice curve, or at an intersection where they might be peering to see which road is theirs, or near a waterfall or a mountain or George Washington's elm — any place where people make a point of just looking. (Places like these are called "scenic"; they are also likely to be known as "beauty spots.")

Ouch! It's Art, Not a Hazard!

But so unreasonable is humanity that the beneficial billboard boys weren't allowed to go on benefiting without interference. Soon there was talk of a little state revenue, please. Laws began to be passed, tentative and apologetic to be sure, but restrictive nevertheless. Statutes are now on the books of over half the states, and at the present time further legislation is being actively agitated in twelve states. Among other things these statutes provide, in varying degrees of stringency, for setting signs back from roadsides, and away from intersections, sharp curves, or other possible dangerous places. Other safety measures prohibit blinking lights, signs in series designed to carry the motorist's attention on from one sign to another, and signs with movable parts. A few of the more aesthetic states also require that a zone be left free around public properties such as playgrounds and parks. Size of the signs is sometimes absolutely limited, but more often regulated, by graduating the license money according to the size of the sign. Almost all the states in which there is any regulation of outdoor advertising levy taxes of some kind, either in the form of license fees for erecting advertising structures in the state, or in fees for each structure put up, or both. Generally, these taxes are at a comparatively low rate, but they nibble at the outdoor advertiser's profit, and cause him to say "ouch."

This ouch-saying is so voluble, and has reached such dimensions, that the outdoor advertising boys have no time to listen, much less to use their brains. Reason, for instance, would indicate that setting signs back from the highway would increase their efficiency, since it would increase the angle of vision and give the prospective customer more time to look at the signs. But an outdoor advertising man does not use his reason. He fights any restrictions, just on general principles. Continuity of thought is not in him, and he knows not gentle consistency. An outdoor advertising man has been heard admonishing a group of women not to waste their political power and fritter away their time on such frills as billboard regulation and pleading with them not to do to death a mighty industry, all in one ten-minute talk. Now outdoor advertising may be in the frill class, or it may be a mighty industry, depending on how you look at it; but in such immediate juxtaposition the two ideas cancel each other, leaving a great void where outdoor advertising used to be.

Perhaps you cannot expect the abused to be reasonable. The Outdoor Advertising Association of America, Inc. feels very much abused, also hurt and misunderstood. Does it not impose rigid standards upon itself? Among other restrictions, a sign may not be placed where it might constitute a traffic hazard, or on residential streets or any location where the resentment of reasonably minded people might be justified, or where it might interfere with the view of natural beauty spots. That these provisions are strictly enforced the Association has been assuring the world, loudly and in print, for at least six years. Therefore, those signs you see from your dining-room window, or as you gaze toward Lake Bosky or Mount Rumpus, and the one that bothers Uncle Jim because he can't be real sure about the stoplight until he gets by it, are not outdoor

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advertising. They are errors in judgment, figments of someone's imagination, mirages. Yes, Mrs. Jones, they are *there*, but by all the rules of a far-flung industry they are not there. If the industry itself says so, who is to deny?

Of course it's all a question of definition. What is a hazard? What is a beauty spot? What is a reasonably minded person?

Omniscience itself could hardly answer these questions in a few words, but an outdoor advertising man has put himself on record, with fervor and conviction, to the effect that a certain advertising structure was in itself a beauty spot worth making a trip to see. At least, he said that all billboards were handsome, and that an extra large one outside of Meriden, Connecticut, custom-built for a large, local manufacturing company and advertising their products, was said to be the most beautiful sign in all New England. And well worth a trip of miles. To a billboard man, you see, a billboard is attractive. He has made it so. He has put up a standardized frame, with a latticework underpinning maybe, with classic columns on either side, perhaps with a chaste planting of clinging vines or shrubbery. (The little gem outside Meriden was observed to be flanked with evergreens, slightly rusted.) And on this structure he has placed Art; not Art Art, but plain Art for the masses, for the, if you will have it, *hoi polloi*. Those aren't billboards that infest the highways. It is simply that the fair face of our country is maculate with synthetic beauty spots.

Well, that seems to dispose of the beauty spot idea as a basis for discussion. As long as the outdoor advertising boys feel as they do about their edifices, and as long as a lot of other folks feel as they do about billboards, any common definition of this idea is going to be impossible. The boys are evidently doing the best they know how. They probably even think that a reasonably minded person would approve their efforts. But here is another question. Does an outdoor advertising man know what a reasonably minded person is?

What Good Are Billboards?

The question of what constitutes a hazard can be answered more definitely because at this point we can leave the outdoor advertising lad among his fantasies, and go to outside sources where common sense and the proven fact are more dominant. State records and the compilations of insurance companies both show that a very small percentage of motor accidents is due to mechanical defects; twenty per cent is an accepted figure. Since four-fifths of all motor accidents are caused by human fallibility, it follows that anything which contributes to fallibility, by distracting a driver's attention from his job or by increasing his fatigue, constitutes a hazard. Do billboards, therefore, constitute a hazard? No! shout all the billboard boys in ringing tones. But if a billboard can't attract a driver's attention, what kind of a billboard is it anyhow? No billboard at all. As a medium of communication it isn't working, and the advertiser is being gypped.

(Of course there might be, as frequently happens, a passenger in the car, and the passenger might get the message in a big way. But the passenger must promise not to say, "Oh, looka, looka!" or even "What wonderful value!" because that would immediately distract the driver, transform the sign into a hazard, and thus remove it from the lists of outdoor advertising.)

Since we were speaking of mediums of communication, how about Mrs. Jones? Traveling with the kiddies as she does, Mrs. Jones finds that billboards are occasionally useful — though she doesn't think the lattice work is any advantage. Frequently, she thinks, they are real interesting. Only trouble is you can't remember what's on them. Can't clip 'em out for reference, and you only get a sort of general impression of what they say. Once she made Henry drive thirty miles to check up on whether it was Golden Glow or Green Gosling oranges that poster out by Greenlawn Cemetery had made her want to buy. It was Sunday, and they were going for a drive anyway. Well, come to find out, when she really looked at it, there were three pictures of the very same kind right in town, but they didn't look so imposing. Maybe too many other signs — they come along so fast they sort of kill each other; or maybe the one at Greenlawn looked nicer on account of being backed up by all those marble shafts and the trees and turf.

Can't remember. Can't clip for reference. Don't you see, Mrs. Jones, that by your very

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words you are condemning the billboard? (As it deserves to be condemned.) An inefficient medium is no advertising medium. If it does not attract, rivet, and persuade the potential customer, it is nothing. Back in the old chug-chug, twenty-mile-an-hour days, with nothing on his mind but the infirmities of his own vehicle and the folly of the uneducated poultry which infested the road, a traveler might look at an approaching sign long enough to get to know it and to love it, and remember what it said. But nowadays the world moves faster. The billboard boys try to combat this by repetition, a device of which they are pretty proud. They say that repetition makes the consumer conscious of the products advertised. It certainly does; but consciousness is as likely as not to be antipathetic as favorable, especially when it is forcibly aroused; so that, because of its peculiar method of circulation, the billboard too often repels the customer.

Billboards are obsolescent. They are in the hick class, along with the advertising saddle-blankets ("cloth banners"), saying "Catamount Coupe — $555 F.O.B. — Ginko's Garage," that the three camels and the hump-backed elephant wear in the grand parade around the single ring of the circus at Mud Flats. For all the size of the outdoor advertising industry, its methods and its results are small-time. The advertisers themselves, at least, the people who pay the billboard boys, have begun to ponder to this effect, and the results of their ruminations will do more than any legislative action, self-regulative sophistry, or protests from aesthetes, to solve this problem.

What the Advertisers Say

A couple of years ago, certain people who had a notion that billboards were a nuisance wrote to some of the advertising managers, saying that they preferred products not advertised on the landscape. The manufacturers' replies to this outburst of consumer whimsey varied in cordiality; several of them, in a laudable spirit of sticking by the boys, said that they couldn't afford to drop outdoor advertising as long as their competitors continued this form of display. Others, however, withdrew their outdoor advertising in the complaining locality with an alacrity which indicated that they did not find it vital to their well-being; others confided that they were planning to drop that form of advertising altogether; and one or two were almost indiscreet in their revelations.

"In making contracts with bill posters for the advertisement of any of our products," wrote the first vice-president of a well-known firm of cereal producers, "we have specifically stated that we do not want any of our posters put up at points of scenic beauty. Notwithstanding this, we have found on several occasions of late that the bill posters, who, by the way, are experiencing great difficulty in securing business, have in their anxiety to please our company given us a considerable amount of free space, and occasionally this free space has come to us in the form of billboards at points of scenic beauty."

(Those wouldn't be billboards, though. They'd be Valentines.)

And here is the plight of a hapless cigar-manufacturing concern. The advertising manager says: ". . . we have not used outdoor advertising in any form for two years. Some painted bulletins carrying our advertising remain on the highways, although our contracts for the advertising thereon expired two years ago. As these boards are not our property we cannot remove the advertising, and it doubtless will remain until the ..... Outdoor Advertising Company sells them to another advertiser."

Those letters were written in May and February, 1931, and the result of the attitude of these and like-minded manufacturers is beginning to be plain. In spite of all quibbling and playing with words, it becomes increasingly evident that the billboard is doomed. In any sensible economic program, it is written down as a loss. Pretty soon, when enough advertisers stop feeding money to billboards, the billboards will starve to death. They will join the dodo and the whalebone industry. The manufacturer will shave a bit off his expenses, the consumer may save a bit on purchasing prices, scenery will come out from hiding, and Mrs. Jones can reconcile the lingering echo of the Outdoor Advertising Association's pronouncement with the testimony of her own common sense and unbewildered eye. There won't be any billboards. They just won't be there any more.

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HAS HISTORY VALUE?

BY JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

In its long rise from savagery, mankind has oscillated between two types of reaction to its social environment. There have been periods, after a certain form of society and social control had become set, when men have been guided unconsciously and almost wholly by tradition. The ways and lessons of the past seem in such periods to be bred in the bone. During them, men do not have consciously to search the past. It exists *in* them and motivates both their customs and their outlook. At such periods, men do not so much study history as live it. The lessons which they have slowly learned have become part of their instinctive reactions to the new problems of their daily lives. The mass of the past combines with the momentum of the present to determine the direction of society, until at length the weight of the mass becomes more effective than the momentum, and inertia brings about the break-down of the social forms, and a new period of fundamental change sets in.

In such subsequent periods of break-down and change, the momentum of the present appears to many to have a value far beyond that of the mass of the past. Such a period was that when Paul preached on Mars Hill to the Athenians who "spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell, or to hear some new thing." We are again living in such a period. Such times are marked, not only by a desire for change and rapid experimentation, but by a disdain for anything which the past has to teach or which seems useless merely because it is old and not new. The new conditions emerging seem so exciting, so full of promise, so little linked with the past, that the latter appears to have nothing to say to the men who pride themselves on belonging to the new era and to the future.

When such periods occur, there is overwhelming temptation to discard the mass of the past and to trust solely to the momentum of the present. Men feel that "they are on their way," even if they have no idea where they are going. All speed is exhilarating, and the faster one goes the less one cares about the machinery or the destination.

In such periods of rapid change, the imagination of men is seized by what is prominent in the social scene and outlook. It is well to remember, however, as Professor Whitehead has just reminded us in his fascinating new book *Adventures of Ideas*, that the prominent facts are usually the superficial facts. They are such facts as differ from the old, accustomed facts, but in the nexus of facts in which we are all involved there are also the far greater number of old facts which "massively qualify our experience."

To accept only the new facts and to disregard the old, as do those who at such times pride themselves on being broad-minded and forward-looking, though in truth they are narrow-minded and absurdly limited in vision, is to take a thoroughly unscientific and unphilosophical view of the social movements and ideas of their age. At all such times, there arises a fresh, dogmatic finality of outlook on the part of a large proportion of those who consider themselves the intellectual leaders of their generation.

It is in just such periods, when the lessons and the value of the past appear to many to be of least value, yet when the mass of the past is still operating as always with the momentum of the present to guide the direction of society, that the teaching and study of history become supremely important. They do so precisely because people are attempting to reject the instinctive living of history and so have to reabsorb through their consciousness by study what they are inclined to reject from their subconscious instincts.

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II

A PHILOSOPHIC attitude toward the problems of life can alone save us from the perils of an easy, seductive, and false dogmatism, whether it be of theology, science, economics, politics, or anything else. We cannot take a philosophic view unless we can see things in relation to the whole, in proportion, weigh one set of values with reference to another, judge suggestions and ideas against the background of innumerable experiments in the past. Without a knowledge of the history of mankind in the broadest sense — its acts, motives, experiments, and thought — we are at the mercy of every wild wind of doctrine. Such a doctrine often gains a wholly fictitious importance because it appears new, in an age when newness spells importance for many, though it does so only because of our own ignorance of its hoary antiquity.

No one can deny for a moment the immense significance of our scientific advance and of the marvels of applied science. But this acknowledged importance of our new control over natural forces should not, as it does to far too great a degree, blind us to the truth that these new facts involved are only the new ones composing, so to say, the momentum of the present, and that the great mass of old facts are still deeply influencing our direction.

In every school and college curriculum, and in adult study and reading, it is becoming increasingly difficult to find time and room for the new subjects as well as the old. I firmly believe, however, that to overbalance study courses in favor only of the new is to open the way, not to a broader understanding of our new world, but to a serious and a highly dangerous misunderstanding of it. There are not wanting to-day men who consider themselves, and are considered by the public, to be intellectual leaders of our new age, who claim that there is little or nothing worth bothering about prior to the recent inventions of applied science.

I am not a "professional" historian. I have never taught history nor held an academic post. I have no ax to grind when I plead for a deeper and a broader study of history at the present time than we have ever accorded to it in the past. I do so only because I believe that, without a sound grounding in knowledge of what men have done and thought in the past, we and our children will inevitably become the victims of any ignorant quack who has learned a certain jargon of impressive pseudo-intellectuality and who may advocate nostrums for our ills or medicines for our souls which have been tried over and over in the past and found wanting.

To a considerable extent it may be readily admitted that we are sailing an uncharted sea. That is true of any generation in times of rapid change, as it is and has been of explorers in every age. But that does not mean that the lessons of the past have no value. Every explorer not only carries instruments to measure his distance and establish his position but carefully avails himself of every experience of his predecessors.

III

FOR THE reasons which I tried briefly to make clear at the beginning of this article, the study of history, the record of what man has both done and thought in the past, is of supreme importance to us to-day. Indeed it is of far more importance than a century or more ago, when history was a part of us in the instinctive traditions which moulded our lives. We can find our way about a well-known neighborhood without difficulty. It is when we try to travel across unknown wastes that our instruments and knowledge as to previous explorers acquire a value we never dreamed of in the accustomed paths of old familiar ground.

If ever a brief period could, in this respect, point a moral and adorn a tale, surely the past six years have done so. Our present economic plight has been immensely worse than it might otherwise have been, because so many of our leaders, intellectual and economic, refused to pay the slightest heed to the lessons and succession of events of the past, that is, to history. It is true that a whole civilization is highly complex and that history may never wholly repeat itself as may the complex patterns in machine-made Oriental rugs. But in portions of the patterns it does do so. There are lessons which seem to have to be learned repeatedly, but they are always the same lessons and have the same answers.

From the end of the Great War to the end of the Great Madness, there was scarcely an

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incident which did not appear precisely, as and when it could have been predicted to do, from a study of similar periods from the time of the emergence of modern economic civilization. Like a star which has not yet been seen, but whose position can be predicted by astronomers, the ultimate economic debacle could have been forecast. Alternately, in different years from 1918 onward, as if hung out for an engineer on the track, the accustomed red, green, and red lights appeared as events proceeded in their normal (and not abnormal) course. The reason why so many persons were killed and injured financially was that they and many of the leaders refused to believe that the lessons of the past any longer had any validity. It was the belief in the preaching of the existence of a wholly new era, in which every lesson we had learned should be scrapped because it was no longer of value, that landed the train in the ditch, filled to capacity.

The same truth as to the danger of neglecting the clear lessons of the past applies to many of the nostrums which have been disastrously applied to cure the subsequent ills. A nation, in which both people and leaders had had a knowledge of the literally innumerable experiments in trying to fix prices by legislation or to force them up by political, instead of economic, pressure, would never have put its faith in, and lost its hundreds of millions by, the fantastic operations of a Farm Board. We are now in those later stages of a major depression in which, invariably, under pressure from certain debtor classes, the demand for currency or other forms of inflation makes its appearance. We hear now on every side from the very men who insisted four years ago that there could be no depression because we were in a new era, in which the old laws and experiences were no longer valid, that we are now in an era in which so many of the factors causing depression are new that we cannot look forward to recovery unless we accept their particular nostrum. There *are* some new factors, but to a student of history the striking point about both the ten years before our crash and the four years or so since is not the presence of these new factors but the remarkable running-true-to-form of the whole cycle, compared with similar preceding periods, even those before steam or electricity had been discovered and what we consider as our new world had taken shape. Changes are caused by new factors, but only by those factors working upon the great mass of historic facts, and that mass is at least equal to the new factors operating on it.

The only view of the world, or events, which is worth taking from a humane standpoint or is even profitable to take from a dollars-and-cents standpoint, is the broad and philosophic view. Such a view is impossible to the man who scorns the past and takes pride in a narrow dogmatism on living solely in the present and the future. To-day the world is full of shallow dogmatists, masquerading as sages, whose views are false, but whose reputations are great because neither they nor their followers have any knowledge of the past by which to measure the errors and the futilities of what seems engagingly new but is in reality old, oft-discarded, and disproved. The past is rich in lessons, both profitable and salutary, and we ignore it only at the cost of bootless stumbling. In the days of Queen Elizabeth, Ben Jonson merely repeated what sages had been saying for centuries when he wrote that he who would learn everything anew for himself had a fool for a master. Of such are those who would discard all the wisdom of the past because we have radios and aeroplanes. To-day we are living without those traditions in religion, ethics, politics, and all things else which are unconscious history applied to daily life. All the more must we then consciously try by reading and study to familiarize ourselves with the practical and intellectual experimentizing of the past, even if only, in the name of our vaunted "efficiency," to save ourselves from wasting time and energies by following those marsh lights and false turnings which the race has taken over and over again. The foolishness of the modernist who scorns the past is as old as any other human folly and, like most folly, has to be paid for in sorrow and loss. We cannot advance without new experiments in living, but no wise man tries every day what he has proved wrong the day before. What the accumulated personal experience of one lifetime is to a man, that of the race is to a civilization. To ignore that experience is not to be modern but to court the almost certain risk of waste and disaster in retracing over and over those false steps which mankind, unhappily, seems so prone to take.

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STRAWBERRY SOCIABLE

A Short Story

BY DORA AYDELOTTE

"LODIE — Lodie Green!" You rushed to the bedroom window with your front hair hanging down and only one side curled, and waved the hot curling iron at your Pa's hired man. "Where you going with that buggy?"

Lodie stuck his head around the side and squinted up at you. "There and back," he grinned. "Jest there and back." He whipped up old Doll and was off down the lane before you could make him stop. You stuck the iron back in the lamp and turned the wick down. Minnie sat on the side of the bed and started to unbutton her good shoes. "Now we can't go," she sighed. Her red lower lip swelled out like it was bee-stung.

You ran downstairs to where Pa was sitting on the side porch with his chair tipped back, smoking his pipe. "Pa," you stormed, "Lodie's gone off with the buggy!" Nothing ever bothered your big, good-natured Pa. He just laughed and said that wasn't anything to get het up about. Lodie'd bring it back.

Ma heard you talking. She called from her room, "Pa, you oughtn't to've let Lodie have the buggy to-night. The girls had their hearts set on going to the strawb'ry sociable." Then Pa was just as sorry. He said why didn't you tell him beforehand? Lodie was going to see his girl and said couldn't he have the buggy?

His girl! You didn't see how any girl would even look at a man that squinted and chewed tobacco the way Lodie Green did. But Pa said looks wasn't ever'thing. Lodie was a good, steady fellow, and a girl might do worse than take him.

You didn't care how good Lodie Green was. He didn't have to pick that very night to take his girl buggy-riding, and you told Pa so. He knocked the ashes out of his pipe and said for you to go back upstairs and finish curling your hair. He'd figger some way for you to go.

By that time you were so mad you couldn't see straight. You got the iron too hot and burned off a wad of hair and couldn't find the neckribbon that went with your figured lawn. You even spoke sharp to Minnie when she said again, "Will we get to go?" You told her to ask Pa — maybe he'd let you ride one of the plow horses bareback. . . . She tied on her sash and got her hat and went downstairs without another word. Minnie was always so good and sweet — you felt ashamed of yourself, snapping at her that way. But you'd had an awful hard week — and then to have Lodie act so smart about the buggy!

Right in the midst of putting up strawb'ry jam and preserves, Ma had to give up and go to bed. It was a lot of work and you'd helped all you could, but one day she had a dizzy spell and was real sick. She said it must've been something she ate. But Pa had the doctor, and he said she was all run down and needed a good tonic. He left two kinds of pills besides the tonic, and he told your Ma she'd better stay in bed awhile and take things easy.

So you'd had all the cooking to do and the milk and butter to look after, besides waiting on Ma and putting out a big washing Monday. Then you'd put up twenty-three quarts of goozberries that Minnie and the boys topped and tailed for you, and made some jell, besides. Aunt Min said she'd love to come and help, but Gramma'd been feeling poorly, and the baby — they named her Barbry, after you — was having colicky spells at night. You wouldn't let Ma know how tired you got, some days.

If it hadn't been that the girls in your Sunday-school class were going to wait on the tables and you'd promised to help, you wouldn't've tried to go. But Ma said she wanted you to, because the Ladies' Aid Society was giving the sociable and you could tell her who all was there and how much they took in.

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And Pa'd be right near if she needed anything. So you go right on.

With all the extra work and one thing and another, you'd forgot to tell Pa about wanting the buggy that night. Now you didn't have any way to go unless you rode horseback, or drove the big farm wagon. And that *would* look great — just you and Minnie rattling up to the parsonage, perched on the high spring-seat.

You went into Ma's room and told her you wished you folks had a surrey. Then Lodie Green could have the buggy all the time, for all you cared. Pa had been talking about how he might get a surrey if the wheat crop turned out good that year, and cattle fetched a fair price. But Ma said surreys would go out of style before Pa got 'round to buying one.

Minnie came and slipped her hand into yours. That was her way of saying she wasn't mad at you. Pa came to the door and said, "Well, if you're all ready I'll hitch up and take you there in the wagon. Or I'll wake Bill up and have him go. I don't like to leave your Ma by herself too long."

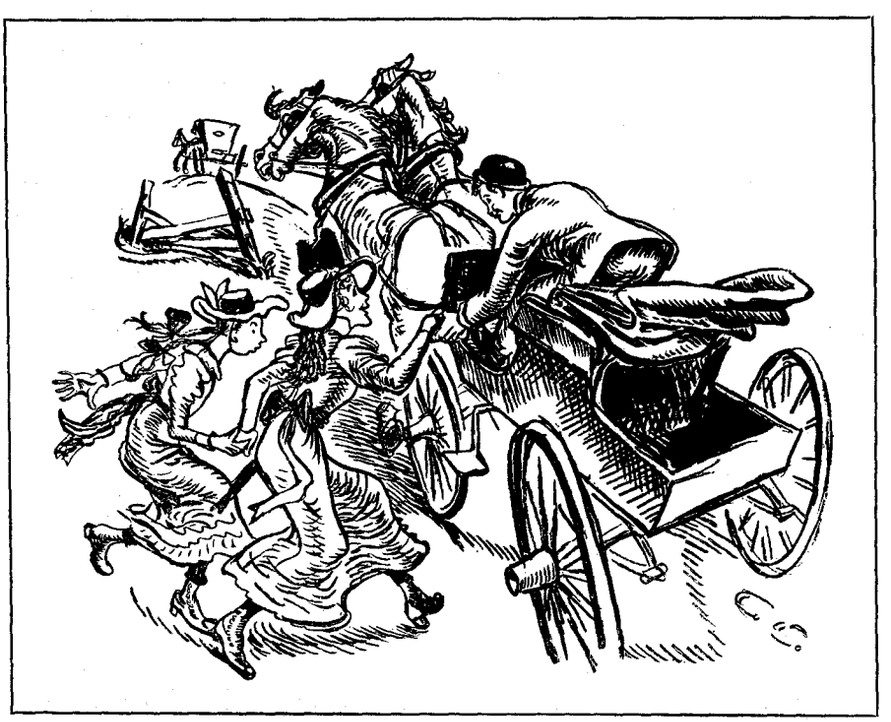
You hated to go places in the wagon any more — spec'ly places like the sociable. It made you feel tacky and countrified, someway. But you wouldn't say so for the world. You just told him no, that'd be too much trouble. And Jimmie and Bill went to bed right after supper — Bill'd be cross as two sticks if you waked him up. He was growing so fast now — all he wanted to do was eat and sleep. So why couldn't you and Minnie wait by the road and get a ride? There'd be lots of folks going to the sociable. Pa said, "All right, if your Ma's willing."

You both kissed Ma good-night. She said for you to have a nice time and not stay out late — and not ride with anybody you didn't know. And be sure to find out how much the church ladies took in altogether. Pa gave you a quarter to spend.

II

Down at the big gate you stood and watched high farm wagons go rattling by. Fellows and their girls dashing past in buggies, trying to race ev'ry team on the road. A few surreys with fringe around the top, wide mud-guards over the wheels. . . . But nobody stopped and said, couldn't they give you a lift? Like as not they thought you were just waiting for your folks to come down the lane.

Minnie said, "I know. Le's count twenty real slow, and if nobody asks us by then, we'll go back to the house." You started counting . . . three . . . four — a buggy with a little thin man driving. A fat woman by him, sagging over like a sack of meal. Seven . . . eight . . . nine — another buggy, running gear painted red and the top down, a girl's red hat ribbons snapping in the wind. Fourteen . . . fifteen — a wagon with one old man in it, going the other way. Just as you said, "Eighteen . . . O, *shoot!*" — a boy came by in a buggy, driving a team of black horses. He reined them in and said, "You girls going any place?" It was Jud Beasley. His folks went to your church. They lived out near Quinn's Corner and had a big farm. So it was all right to go with him. He said he didn't have any girl and was



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Drawings by James Daugherty

just going to the sociable by himself. Glad he happened to drive by.

You told Jud you had to help wait on the tables and he said that was all right. He'd hang around till you had time to eat with him — you and your little sister, too. Minnie leaned against you and wouldn't look at Jud. She always acted bashful before strangers.

The girls all saw you drive up behind that black team. They wanted to know who was your fellow. When you told them how it happened you came with Jud, they laughed and said you were just making that up — you needn't try to get out of it. So you let them think he was your beau. Lots of girls your age had fellows and went buggy-riding with them, but Ma didn't believe in it. She said a girl not seventeen yet was too young to be tearing around the country after dark with Tom, Dick, and Harry. So this was the first time you'd gone anywhere, just with a boy. . . . You were glad you had on the figured lawn.

You tied on your Ma's nice white apern with rick-rack on it and helped wait on folks. There was a big crowd at the sociable. The tables were fixed up pretty. Bokays of roses and honeysuckle. A few late lilocks and some snowballs. They gave a big dish of strawb'ries and cream for a dime. Cake was a nickel a slice.

Some of the church ladies asked about your Ma, and said too bad she had to take sick just at that time. They always missed Sister Miller at their gatherings. One old lady wanted to know what kind of med'cine was she taking. There wasn't nothing like Dr. Grumley's Nervine to build you up. She took three bottles and it cured her of having fainty spells. So she kept a bottle in the house all the time. It beat any stuff the doctors give you.

After a while Lodie Green came in with his girl. Her name was Lily Wempel, and she worked out for Mis' Billy Pratt. She was a big fat thing, with red hands and straw-color hair that stuck out stiff. Lodie said, "Well, if 'tain't Barbry," when you came to see what they wanted. Then he told Lily, "You know I work on her Pa's place." You said, "Howdy-do," but Lily just stared and never said a word. You'd got over your mad at Lodie by that time, so you acted just as nice and asked what kind of cake did they want? There was choc'late and car'mel and banana and cocoanut and marble cake — the choc'late was awful good.

You got tired of waiting on folks — rushing out to the kitchen and back again. Somebody stepped on your toes. You got strawb'ry juice down your clean apern. One girl upset a pitcher of cream on the table. There was cake crumbs mashed into the carpet. . . . The preacher's wife would have the place to clean all over again to-morrow. You didn't b'lieve you really cared such an awful lot about marrying a preacher.

The girls kept asking where had your fellow gone to? You hadn't seen a sign of Jud all evening — but then you'd been busy. What if he'd found some other girl and forgot all about you. . . . Minnie came and told you she'd had berries and two pieces of cake, so there was just a nickel left. Maybe you wouldn't have anything to eat, after all.

Just then somebody behind you said, "Well, did you ever!" And there was Miss Sue Miggles, the red-headed old maid that gave music lessons and played the church organ, sailing in with her beau! He was an old widower named

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Ira Slimpin. He'd been married three times. They said he was so stingy he wouldn't even pay the preacher the last time — said he'd bring some spare-ribs and a ham when they butchered, and then never did. His boys run off from home, all but the youngest one. One of his girls got married when she was sixteen. The other worked out for some folks in town.

Now he was beauing Miss Sue Miggles to the strawb'ry sociable. A woman at the cake table said, "I thought Iry'd be sitting up and taking notice. His third wife's been dead 'bout a year now, and he's sick and tired of trying to batch it."

Miss Sue Miggles must have been all of thirty-five, so she was a real old maid. But she was always real dressy. To-night she had a new green mull dress on, and her hair all frizzed. The most pins and bangles you ever saw — and some kind of sweet perfume. You thought it was White Rose. When she drank a glass of water she quirked her little finger 'way out to show her set ring.

You shoved the other girls aside so you could take their order. Ira said in a low voice, like he didn't want folks to hear, "We'll have a dish of strawb'ries and cream and — and *two* spoons." Stingy old thing! You spoke up right quick, "Did you say two dishes?" Miss Sue Miggles give you a funny look and said, "That's right, Barbry. Two nice dishes of berries and some of the cake." Ira opened his mouth and shut it the way a catfish does when you pull it out of the water, but he didn't say a word.

You couldn't help telling it around in the kitchen. Pete Coonrod's fat wife shook all over and said, "Good for you, Barbry!" The widow Riddick sampled another kind of cake and said, "I never seen a red-headed woman yet that couldn't boss her husband. Sue Miggles'll be a match for that ol' skinflint . . . I hope she spends all his money."

When you went back with the berries and cake, Miss Sue was talking and laughing like nothing had happened, and Ira was sweet as pie — told you thanky when you put his dish down, and asked was your folks all well? You could hardly wait to get home and tell Ma about Miss Sue Miggles having Ira Slimpin for a beau, and how she got around him.

III

Jud Beasley came in the dining-room with Minnie and said, how about having something to eat? He'd wanted to treat your little sister before, but she wouldn't let him. He ordered berries and cream and told the girl that waited on you to bring some of ev'ry kind of cake. . . . You had a plate piled full. Minnie said she wasn't hungry. She pushed her dish away and got up from the table.

The clock in the kitchen struck ten before you and Jud had finished up the cake. You said it was time for you to be starting home — you and Minnie. But you couldn't find her anywhere. It kind of worried you till the preacher's wife said she'd gone on with Heitmyer's folks. They lived on the farm next to yours, so it was all right.

While Jud went to get his team, you waited by the gate. A sweet, cool wind was blowing. Just a rim of moon, yellow as butter, showed above the barn-roof on Hutson's place. It was a lovely night. . . . You jumped when Con Mulligan stepped up and said, "Hello there, Barbry!" You didn't know he was in a mile of you. He said he was just driving by and stopped in a minute. Con was good-looking — wavy brown hair, white teeth always showing in a smile, and the bluest eyes you ever saw.

He said did you come with your folks? You

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told him no, just you and Minnie, and — "I'll take you home," he said. "It's right on my way."

Before you could tell him who'd brought you, and how it happened, Jud Beasley drove up. He jumped down and helped you climb in. . . . The black horses pranced and pawed the dirt. Con just stood there and looked at you — like you'd slapped him in the face, or done something awful mean.

You called, "'By Con," but he didn't answer. Jud gave the horses a little flick with the whip and they started off at a gallop. The wind cooled your burning face. . . . Why should you care what Con Mulligan thought?

Right away Jud wanted to know if that fellow he saw you talking to was your beau. You told him of course not — it was just Con Mulligan. Jud sort of snorted and said old Barney Mulligan wasn't much, and Con never would have a cent — he wasn't the kind to get ahead. . . . Then he went on and told you how well *he* was doing on his father's farm — owned that team and the buggy, and aimed to buy some land next year.

Let Jud Beasley brag all he wanted to. . . . You didn't have to talk. It was nicer to lean back in the buggy and listen to the clop-clop of the horses' hoofs as they trotted along. To see the moon shining on the road ahead. To sniff the perfume of white clover, the tang of dust and dog-fennel in the air. . . . You kept thinking about Con. If he wanted to take you home, why hadn't he come to the house after you, the way a fellow did when he liked a girl? What made him stop and speak to you, anyway?

The road dipped into a hollow where there was a little branch, and a bridge across it. The moon gleamed silvery on the water, and willow trees leaned over, trying to see themselves. Something scooted across the road. The horses snorted and rared up. "Just a rabbit, I guess," Jud told you. He held the team in till they quit shying. Then he said, "Barbry, I —" he put his arm around you tight and tried to kiss you.

"Jud Beasley," you flared, "don't you *dare* kiss me!" You wiggled loose and gave him a good, hard slap. . . . Trying to act fresh that way, just because you went with him to the sociable. Ma had told you to make the boys keep their distance, and they'd respect you all the more. It wasn't nice to let a boy kiss you — not until you were engaged, anyway.

It made Jud mad to have his face slapped. He gave the horses a cut and sent them flying — didn't even look at you for awhile. When you got to the big gate, Jud got out and opened it, and you drove the horses through. Then he climbed in again, and you rode slowly up the lane between the high Osage orange hedge and the softly rustling corn.

All at once Jud said, in a sulky voice, "'Tain't any sin to kiss a pretty girl. . . . You mad at me, Barbry?"

Why, no, you said, you weren't mad at him — not a bit. Only he needn't think he could act spoony just because you let him take you to the sociable and back. You weren't that kind of a girl.

He said if that was the way you felt, he'd never do it again. He was awful sorry. . . . He tried to hold your hand but you wouldn't let him. At the side gate he stopped the horses and helped you out in great style. Couldn't he come by for you next Sunday ev'ning and take you to church? You answered primly, "I always go with my folks." The black team went tearing down the lane.

You stood there, listening till your ears caught the creak of the big gate as it swung slowly open, and shut again. You felt strangely thrilled and shaken. Of course you hated that Jud Beasley — *hated* him. The fresh thing! And yet — and yet, it was Jud who said, "'Tain't any sin to kiss a pretty girl." Pretty! Did he mean that *you* were pretty — you, Barbry Miller, with your freckled face and your turned-up nose and your rusty brown hair? Con had never told you anything like that.

Seemed like the moon never had shone so bright. . . . You hated to go in. You broke off a rose from the bush by the gate and put it in your hair. If you could just see Con and tell him how it was . . . so he wouldn't have that hurt look in his clear blue eyes. You didn't know anything could make you feel so bad.

You went up on the side porch, carefully opened the door. Ma called, "That you, Barbry? Minnie came on ahead. Ain't it late?"

You told her, No'm, it wasn't a bit late. As you started upstairs, she said, "How much did they take in at the sociable?"

And you'd never thought to ask!

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WHEN TEACHERS STRIKE

Chicago Learns Another Lesson

BY MILTON S. MAYER

CHICAGO has been going broke for twenty years. It has been hiding behind Depression's skirts these last three, pretending to be a respectable city brought to its knees by hard times, but the fact is that the general collapse simply forced it to a showdown.

The story of those twenty downhill years is too long to tell, and it does not tally, at first glance, with the outlay of boulevards and parks or with the shining skyscrapers that palisade the lake. Most of all, it does not tally with the magnificent World's Fair, the one child of the Dark Age that the nation is proud to call its own. But the boulevards and the parks all have their grimy tales of graft, and the skyscrapers were built with bond issues based on values that never existed. And the Fair is not a part of the city at all: the politicians were walled out of it from the start, and the citizenry was never implored to endow it.

The sordid contrast between the sacked and prostrate city and the lavish Fair went unnoticed until the Chicago school teachers began rioting in the downtown streets. Ex-soldiers had rioted in Washington, the unemployed had rioted in New York and California, farmers had rioted in Iowa. But people with jobs had not rioted. Above all, school teachers had not rioted. These native Americans, these college graduates whose lives were devoted to teaching half a million children that truth is right, and might is wrong, were behaving like a mob. They were bringing police clubs down on their own heads and returning the fire with flying schoolbooks. They were hollering "We're hungry!" and "We want cash!" were breaking windows and battering doors, were storming banks, booing the mayor, hissing the governor. Other cities had been unable to pay their teachers, yet those teachers did not riot. Why should they in Chicago?

Chicago's teachers were a year unpaid. There is no knowing how many were actually starving, for your teacher is a snobbish individual and he will take a great deal of punishment before admitting his distress. But it is known that at least seven had lost their minds; one had killed himself; upward of a hundred had suffered one form or another of nervous collapse. How many homes and life insurance policies had been lost no one could find out.

The teachers had gone amuck, were rioting in the approved manner, because for twenty years the politicians had pillaged and plundered the school system until now its credit was destroyed, and it could not borrow a red cent from anyone. The Chicago Board of Education had a bad record and a bad name. Even the bankrupt city of Chicago was a better risk than the Chicago schools.

But it was not hard times that had wrecked the school system. Pay days had been anywhere from a week to a year late almost every month since December, 1929. And 1929 pay days had been met, in theory, with funds obtained by taxes levied and collected in the halcyon days of 1928. The crash had nothing to do with the non-payment of Chicago teachers in 1929 and 1930, and it has little to do with their inability to get money now.

TAXATION AND TEACHERS' SALARIES

STORIES OF taxation do not make interesting reading, but a general survey of Chicago's tax difficulties is necessary in order to understand the teachers' situation.

In 1928 the city's "ox-cart" system of taxation broke down. Exactly 25% of the income-producing wealth of Illinois was carrying exactly 85% of the tax burden. Real estate was taxed to death, and personal property was getting off free. A general reassessment, required by law to be made every four years, had just been completed in 1927 when some of the vic-

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tims of the system banded together, with aggressive support from the Chicago newspapers, to force a reform. It was easily shown that some property was assessed as high as 50% of its value while other property was assessed as low as 8%. It was as plain as noon that hundreds of politicians were growing rich and that tax-fixing had become a major industry.

The state tax-commission ordered a new reassessment. The assessing officials fought the order and obstructed action so vigorously that it required two years to complete the reassessment. In the meantime no taxes were paid. And in the meantime the crash had come. That was the beginning of Chicago's tax muddle. When the teachers went on the warpath last April, almost half of the city's taxes for 1928, 1929, and 1930 were uncollected, and the 1931 levy had just been put into collection. Furthermore, groups of large property owners, hit by the depression and faced with a bill for three years' taxes, had organized a "tax strike," basing their refusal to pay on the allegation that even under the partially reformed system personal property was still escaping equitable taxation. Their case had been upheld in the county courts, overthrown by the Illinois Supreme Court, and refused a review by the United States Supreme Court.

Now there are some 1600 governments in Cook County — villages, townships, park districts, sanitary districts, school districts, and so on — and they levy a tax of about $250,000,000 a year. Under political maladministration their bonded indebtedness increased 577% between 1913 and 1930 (which is why I say that Chicago has been going broke for twenty years). The servicing of this indebtedness — interest payments and maturing bonds — requires $60,000,000 a year, which sum of course cannot be reduced. With almost half their taxes uncollected for three years and with general economic conditions so straitened that the floating of further loans was impossible, the principal county governments resorted to the only remaining scheme for obtaining cash. They offered tax anticipation warrants for sale — 6% notes against uncollected taxes.

And now the school teachers come directly into the picture. The acceptance of these warrants by the public — the banks, for the most part — was contingent on the credit of the governments offering them. City and county tax warrants sold reasonably well (until the national banking moratorium), but the Chicago Board of Education warrants went begging for a market. From May until September, 1931, the teachers had been offered scrip. Those who accepted it had had to dispose of it for as low as 78 cents on the dollar. Now, after the teachers had obtained an injunction against the further issuance of scrip, the school board came forth with its tax warrants.

From May, 1931, to May, 1933, the teachers were given four months' pay in warrants. The warrants were not negotiable at the banks, and although no governing body in Illinios had ever defaulted on its tax anticipation warrants, the teachers were unable to redeem theirs for more than 90 cents on the dollar — when they were able to redeem them at all. The R.F.C. used a technical excuse to avoid buying them and told the teachers that it would accept them as collateral for a loan from any Chicago bank that would buy them from the school board. But the Chicago banks wouldn't buy them.

There was something to say for the bankers' skepticism. Taxes, against 50% of which the warrants had been issued, simply were not being collected. Besides, the school board was threatening to issue more warrants and to offer the teachers more warrants in lieu of pay. Either of these steps, the bankers believed, would depress the value of the entire issue, and the banks were already holding $25,000,000 worth of warrants for themselves and their clients at par. At one time they had held $150,000,000 worth, but as they lost faith in the redeemability of the paper, they had gradually thrown most of it back on the market. All of which meant that the Chicago school board was not considered a good risk, taxes or no taxes.

Graft on the School Board

Chicago's school board is an "independent" corporation — "independent" in quotation marks because it consists, not of nine educators or administrators, but of nine politicians appointed by the mayor. The spending by these politicians was something to see in the old days. Under William Hale Thompson a succession of puppet boards had piled up ex-

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penditures, exceeding all possible hope of revenue, long before the crash came. The 1931 budget — Thompson's last — was over $100,000,000.

With the citizens standing for wholesale corruption in the building of sewers and bridges, why shouldn't they stand for it in the building and maintenance of schools? There were always scandals of course — contracts for printing, engineering, jobs — and a trial or two. But never any convictions. In Chicago judges do not bite the hand that feeds them, and grand juries do not look behind doors marked "Private." The William McAndrew case was one in point. That able, impeccable superintendent of schools refused to "go along" with the Thompson crowd, and in a twinkling the ways were greased under him because he was "pro-British."

When Anton J. Cermak became mayor, he tried desperately to get control of the school board in order — he was eager to explain — to effect economies. But he did not succeed in replacing the Republican members until just before his assassination. By that time, of course, the board was economizing anyway, because it could borrow no money otherwise. The 1932 budget was cut to $75,000,000, the 1933 budget to $71,500,000, almost 25% of which had to be set aside for servicing the board's colossal indebtedness. The wages of the teachers (which they weren't getting) were cut from 10% to 30% in 1932, and an additional 5% cut followed in 1933. The outstanding "economy" was the abandonment of ten partially built schools, on which $8,000,000 had already been spent.

The teachers' warrants were being questioned by the bankers — and now the schools themselves were suffering. A Citizen's Committee on Public Expenditures, composed to a man of bigwigs in banking and industry, large personal and corporate taxpayers (none of the twenty members had ever sent his children through the public schools), was demanding drastic reductions in education costs as the prime item in cutting the city's taxes. In an "investigation" into the reported overcrowding of the schools, it instructed its staff to classify as vacant all rooms used for libraries, manual training, cooking and sewing, music and art. As a matter of fact, while the ten half-built schools rotted, the available schools and "portables" were frightfully overcrowded, and classes had become unmanageable by virtue of their very size.

As a final fillip to the situation, the successor to Mayor Cermak (concerning whom the school teachers, like most of the independent citizens of Chicago, had never had any illusions) was being chosen, not by the people and the papers, but by the City Council. The people's candidates were not, the Council bosses boldly admitted, "politically minded." Ed Kelly was. Ed Kelly was "regular," a jobholder from 'way back. He had been indicted, in 1930, with his fellow executives of the Sanitary District, but his indictment had been mysteriously quashed; the rest of the boys were tried and sent up the river. It was to Ed Kelly that the teachers had to turn for relief.

That was the picture when spring vacation came around in April, and the teachers went berserk. While the city bosses dallied in steam rooms at Hot Springs, deciding on a new mayor whose signature would be valid on $1,700,000 worth of school board tax warrants — two weeks' pay for the teachers — the tension in the schools reached a point where explosion was inevitable. Principals did not have the heart to enforce discipline among their harried teachers. It was true that city employees were behind in their pay too, but they did not have the daily care of half a million children to try their souls.

The students were — and are — the real wonders of the crisis. Knowing that the morale of their teachers is broken, they have maintained a voluntary discipline that almost defies understanding. Just before the vacation, some 15,000 children, principally in the high schools, walked out on a one-day "strike." There were two aspects of that strike that merit notice. One is that it took place simultaneously in widely separated sections of the city, indicating that the walkout had benefit of previous organization. The other is that instead of scattering to the winds for a stolen holiday, the children marched *en masse* through the streets, bands playing and "Pay Our Teachers" signs held aloft. The next day the strikers were back at their desks. School officials, their hearts at variance with their code of discipline, made no efforts to punish them.

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No outside group can be blamed for the teachers' demonstrations. The teachers almost unanimously insist that the responsibility for the direct-actionism be placed on their own shoulders. It is distressing to see school teachers in open revolt. But however distressing it may be, the bystander cannot help but realize that the Chicago teachers are crying out, not against the hard lot that has fallen to all the sons of man, but against the twenty years of corruption for which they are being forced to pay.

To the watchers lining the sidewalks, the teachers plead, "Pay your taxes." To the bankers trembling a little at the top of their marble staircases, they cry, "Buy our tax warrants." There is nothing illegal, or even radical, about either demand. The teachers do not want charity. They do not object to the distribution of $6,000,000 a month to the "deserving" needy of Chicago, although they sometimes wonder if they themselves are not at least as deserving as the rolling stock that inhabits the municipal flophouses. They want what is coming to them. They feel that representation without taxation is tyranny too.

A Temporary Victory

The teachers' uprising in Chicago has had positive results. It has frightened the politicians — to whose advantage it was to keep the tax strikers happy by making no effort to collect the taxes — into action. The Illinois legislature has passed two bills that are going far toward bringing in Chicago's delinquent taxes. One empowers the Cook County treasurer to take over properties on which taxes have been delinquent more than six months and operate them in receivership until sufficient income is produced to retire the tax indebtedness. The other prevents property owners from appealing to the County courts against their tax assessments until they have paid at least 75% of their tax bills.

The mere threat contained in these two measures has started delinquent taxes rolling into the offices of the county treasurer. The credit of the county governments has risen — even the Chicago school board's. The teachers will not be paid up for months to come; but they *will* be paid up. The riots, the door-batterings, the head-crackings did that.

But the real fight is still ahead. And it transcends Chicago: its scope is national. Taxes must be reduced. The schools provide the one point of attack that is agreeable both to officeholders and heavy taxpayers, and so politics and big business have banded together — the union is familiar to both of them — to cut the costs of education. The educators of the country have sounded the tocsin among themselves for the fight to the death. Their war-cry might well be taken from the University of Chicago's young president, Robert M. Hutchins: "The plain fact is that the schools are under attack because it is easier to get money from them than it is to correct the fundamental iniquities and antiquities of local government. Only a people that had no conception of the place of education in its national life could contemplate the ruin of the next generation as the best remedy for governmental insolvency."

This stand naturally raises the question, "What *is* the place of education in our national life," and toward that there are two fairly familiar extremes of attitude, even among thinking people. There is the blind, and perhaps gluttonous, attitude of most school people that every American should be pumped full of knowledge whether he wants it or not, and then be turned out into the world at the age of twenty-one with the label "*Educated — Handle With Care.*" There is also the attitude, upheld by H. L. Mencken and most of the little Menckens, which consists of shouting down the whole idea of public education as a sham.

While I do not hold any brief for the dissemination of the seeds of knowledge on the most barren and the most prolific ground in the same intensity, I do think that the critics of the rising costs of education should go a little slowly. I suggest that they introduce comparative as well as absolute statistics into their arguments. It is true that school costs have mounted some 400% since 1913, while enrollment has increased only 50%. But where does the money go? The one-room country school teacher in Illinois gets $770 a year, certainly no princely pittance. The elementary teacher in Chicago (where salaries are 25% under New York's and lower than in most large cities) goes through college and a good deal of misery for his $2500 a year.

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Where does the rest of the money go? Salaries have risen 116.8% since 1913 (wages of hod-carriers have increased 176%), and the remainder of the 400% has gone into construction and operation. Now construction and operation of schools are still, in most of our enlightened states, in the hands of the politicians. The suspicion arises that the lion's share of that 400% has gone to the low-lifes to whom we delegate our right to free government.

Dig out the corruption, make graft impossible (if we can) — but be gentle with the school teachers themselves. It behooves those of us who have some faith in the current set-up of society to handle them with care. The few who have the most of this world's goods in particular cannot afford to let them grow restive. The teachers have always been the chromosomes — the handers-down — of civilization, but never so much as to-day, when with the decline of family life the job of bending the twig rests for better or worse almost entirely with the teachers. These men and women are dangerous beyond imagination. Simple as they too often appear, they can, in five short years and without concerted action, knock the props out from under a whole generation. After this, civilization does not just now appear so stable that it can be depended upon to survive another generation of cynicism.

THE MARCH OF SCIENCE

First, dentistry was painless;
Then bicycles were chainless
And carriages were horseless
And many laws, enforceless.

Next, cookery was fireless,
Telegraphy was wireless,
Cigars were nicotineless
And coffee, caffeinless.

Soon oranges were seedless,
The putting green was weedless,
The college boy was hatless,
The proper diet, fatless.

Now motor roads are dustless,
The latest steel is rustless,
Our tennis courts are sodless,
Our new religions, godless.

But though our odes are rimeless
And all our pockets, dimeless,
Our lives will not be boonless
When songs again are croonless.

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

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RADIO REVIEWS

Politics, Western Homespun, and Drama

BY CYRUS FISHER

"DID IT go out all right?" After one of his radio speeches, the President of the United States was reported to have anxiously proposed this question, as soon as he turned away from the microphone, to those gathered around him. During these trying months, the voice of Franklin D. Roosevelt over the air has done more than all the frenetic puffings of our machine-age prophets to restore that curious, psychic balance, variously tagged as optimism, courage, faith in the future, and confidence in ourselves, and preached by a scourge of radio and political "Cheerios." He has no need to clothe his phrases in the rags and tatters of spurious assurances; he has given us something more ponderable and moving in his radio talks. As long as he remains so genuine, so sincere, so willing to go to his people and converse with them with such a complete absence of pot-boiled tags and diddled blatherings of an ancient era, then I do not believe he need have any fear nor need ever to inquire, "Did it go out all right?" Let the crooners and the clowns and the Jim Watsons stew about how it went out. What went *in* it is important when a president speaks, and Mr. Roosevelt seems to be taking care of that content rather more than splendidly.

THE PRESIDENT'S SECRETARY

Col. Louis McKenry Howe, with interlocutor Walter Trumbull. Sponsored by RCA Victor Company, Inc. and RCA Radiotron and Cunningham Radio Tube Companies. 2 minutes', 30 seconds' advertising time. NBC. WEAF network. 10:00–10:15 P.M. EDST. Every Sunday.

The President should have someone to present his programs for social and industrial overhauling regularly and frequently enough to expose the atrophied comprehensions of some of the political seers now broadcasting. There are too many timid mud-hens, pretending to political sapience over the air, who have utilized the microphone to scatter their own Tory apprehensions. Colonel Louis Howe has an oldish, dark-brown voice; he says "pa'-ticu'ly," "purty soon," "I s'pose so" and, all in all, possesses a genuinely up-country tang which is a welcome relief from the usual radio Hollywood English. Furthermore, Colonel Howe is an intimate of the President, one of the chosen few reputedly aware of the ideals and policies directing the destiny of our country and, you would think, exactly the man to "endeavor to clarify the problems and happenings of official Washington and how they affect the welfare of every man and woman in the country," as the advance reports stated he would.

But despite the need for such an endeavor to clarify these problems, despite the presence and semi-official authority of the President's secretary, his programs so far — and I most sincerely wish I could report otherwise — have not been very happy. They do not even appear to be carefully rehearsed or prepared. Delapidated wheezes have been exhumed for Colonel Howe to repeat. His time is fretted away by vague or too generalized questions. There is no exertion on the part of the fluent Mr. Trumbull to bring out information not already disclosed previous to the broadcasts. What has happened, I believe, is that the sponsors have underestimated the public's vital concern in national events. The sponsors (I cannot be persuaded that it was Colonel Howe) have deprived the interviews of much of their usefulness by insisting upon a too sophomoric treatment. Perhaps Colonel Howe will take counsel with himself and give the "forthright replies to queries concerning the government" that the National Broadcasting Company has promised and that he, of all men, is particularly fitted to give us. Let us hope he will, at any rate.

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Out of the West

The Ship of Joy, featuring Hugh B. Dobbs, who announces himself as "Captain Dobbsie," and his Happy Timers. NBC. WEAF network. National sustaining program — no advertising. 10:30–11:00 P.M. EDST. Every Wednesday.

For seven years Captain Dobbsie lifted Pacific Coast families out of bed. Millions of shanks have been bared to the morning fogs for the express purpose of crouching closer to the radio sets in order to be warmed and sublimated by Captain Dobbsie's matinal dosages of sunshine, light, and philosophical extracts from *Heart Throbs*. After failing to have his western commercial contract renewed the admirable Dobbsie moved to the East, where he is now delighting a whole nation instead of a narrow, sun-baked coast line. Captain Dobbsie has a wondrously fluid voice of melting ripeness. He asks his listeners to "send in a little bit of poetry or philosophy which has helped you on life's cruise." He speaks of "God's own hills" with no sense of sacrilege; he "loves the richer, better things of life"; all books are "beautiful books"; everyone lives "in a lovely little place"; his pals are all "lovely fellows"; and when he recites doggerel you will weep. He has an orchestra which plays "the familiar old songs of yesteryear." "Each cruise brings you a different crew" of entertainers and guest stars who are mixed together with all the fine cunning of boarding-house hash. The gentleman can be judged by his own words. At the end of one of his first nation-wide broadcasts, he said: "I hope you noticed our little program was very informal; that, in fact, you noticed (deprecatory chuckles) it was no program at all." I did.

One Man's Family, with J. Anthony Smith, Minetta Ellen, Michael Raffetto, Bernice Berwin, Kathleen Wilson, Barton Yarborough, and Bill Page. Produced and written by Carlton E. Morse. William J. Andrews, announcer. Ludes, sound effects. NBC. National production from San Francisco. Sponsored in the West by Wesson Oil-Snowdrift Sales Co. Sustaining program elsewhere. 9:30–10:00 P.M. EDST. Every Wednesday.

Have you ever witnessed a good tent performance of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, played straight and in earnest by a group of tent-show actors? Probably not. Most of the real tent-show troupers have retired. But if you ever saw *Uncle Tom's Cabin* played competently and with deadly seriousness, I'll wager when little Eva went to Heaven it wasn't such a funny bit of business as you had been led to believe. "One Man's Family" is a loosely knit, sentimental saga of family life. It could be the most obvious claptrap on the air if it were not for two elements:

First, "One Man's Family" is written and produced by an expert craftsman. There's no better writer of authentic homespun radio serials in the country. Secondly, the members of the cast — excepting Mr. J. Anthony Smith, who consistently overacts as the father — work together as if they had been born and brought up under the same canvas. I know that I should dismiss the whole lot of them as sturdy hoaxers; they all belong in a tent show. Well, there used to be some pretty robust drama in tent shows.

California Melodies, with Raymond Paige's orchestra and Eleanor Barnes interviewing cinema stars. CBS. National sustaining program — no advertising. 10:00–10:30 P.M. EDST. Every Tuesday.

"California Melodies" is the only national program (some kind soul will now promptly forward a list of twenty others) emanating regularly from Los Angeles. I question if the music, such as it is, would be projected over the entire network if Mr. Paige were unable to stuff his favors with a fondant composed of big movie names. The final ten minutes or so of the half hour, when Miss Eleanor Barnes, awed and tittery, extracts intimacies from the latest cow-eyed importation from Winnetka, explains why "California Melodies" is a coast-to-coaster. There is, apparently, a fervid radio audience for cinema personalities. I would rather listen to Mr. Paige without benefit of Hollywood glamour. Whenever he is prepared to drop his circus and explore a perceptible talent for more than popular routines, Mr. Howard Barlow will discover that he has a new competitor for your attention.

Hot Weather Ice Cream Sodas

Columbia Dramatic Guild, with changing cast each week, under the direction of Marion Parsonnet. Kenneth Roberts, announcer. Travis, engineer. Pierson, sound effects. Charles Tazwell, continuity. CBS. National sustaining program — no advertising. 8:00–8:30 P.M. EDST. Every Sunday.

Mr. Charles Tazwell has constructed a series

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of smartly paced adaptations from some of the greatest short stories of the past. Mr. Marion Parsonnet — a new name to me and one worth watching — has given the series a briskly sensitive production, considerably superior to the usual summer sustaining compound of raspberry flavoring extract, phosphate, and castor sugar. Except for the too frequent use of flashbacks, the Columbia Dramatic Guild programs are quite satisfactory.

Wayfaring Men, with Charles Slattery, Charles Cantor, Stephen Fox, Peggy Hart, Alfred Corn, and incidental rôles, under the direction of Marion Parsonnet. Harry Vonzell, announcer. Barnum, production. Hagberg, engineer. Pierson, sound effects. Coates, continuity. CBS. National sustaining program — no advertising. 9:00–9:15 P.M. EDST. Every Tuesday and Thursday.

If you find the weather too hot to read about the actual problems of our transient population, "Wayfaring Men" will help to lull all your vague worries by incidents proving there are, after all, romance and love and clean adventure for those who have had to wander from lack of employment. "Wayfaring Men" is pleasant poppycock, summer fiction for the vacation radio receiving sets, made endurable by the talents of that same Mr. Parsonnet whom we've already met in better company.

The Gold Rush, with Horace Sinclair, Jack McBryde, Al Phillips, William Pringle, Ray Collins, and trio for incidental music. No regular announcer, and none is needed. McFayden, production. Dillon, sound effects. Stuart Ayres, continuity. NBC. WJZ network. Regional sustaining program — no advertising. 8:00–8:30 P.M. EDST. Every Friday.

As an experiment in dramatizing a modern event — the recent discovery of gold in Gogama, Canada — "The Gold Rush" is exciting as well as timely, and I think your youngsters will probably find it sufficiently lively to tear themselves away from a few of those radio horrors you may have been hearing about.

Marie, the Little French Princess, with Ruth Yorke, James Meighan, Allan Joslyn, and supporting cast. Incidental music (1 minute) by Abe Goldman's accordion. David Ross, announcer. Long, production. Brown, direction and continuity. Travis, sound engineer. Pierson, sound effects. Sponsored by Louis Philippe, Inc. Nearly 6 minutes' advertising time. CBS. National program. 1:00–1:15 P.M. EDST. Every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday.

This is twaddle concerning the beautiful little French Princess who ran away from title and wealth and married a fine, big, handsome American engineer — with a good five minutes and a half of blatant ballyhoo which would ruin little Marie if she were not already deprived of all dramatic honors.

Signing Off

I HOPE Chesterfield will remain satisfied with the incomparable Grace Moore, soprano, supported by the fliply smooth, dialect comic, Lou Holtz, and the latest in stooges, knowing "Shawowsky," played by Benny Baker. I've never liked the orchestra. The obliging sponsors have changed everything else upon every occasion I've had to bless their program. This month I'm going to be cautious and refrain from praising Grace Moore and her comic supporter, although I'd like to very much. (CBS. National program. 10:00–10:30 P.M. EDST. Fridays) ¶ Frances Paperte, who is a former NBC headliner and the first opera star ever to sing over the radio, is back on the air. Try her, please. (NBC. WJZ regional. 11:15–11:30 P.M. EDST. Fridays.) ¶ Radio Censorship continued: The Society For the Improvement of Children's Programs claims in one of its mimeographed broadsides sent to sponsors: "Parent-teacher associations, mother's (sic) clubs, women's organizations everywhere are raising the very dickens about programs which 'over-excite' their children." It closes its little masterpiece of English expression on a more materialistic note than might be expected: "Let us send you (the sponsors) a copy of this report — the first to show what people think and do about programs. The price is $10.00." The aforementioned society is only one of a number recently formed to exploit parental fear for the purposes of establishing a form of radio censorship. Program producers are apt to be timid sheep, easily sent into hapless ditherings by the boos of any organized minority, no matter how small. Radio censorship is in the offing, and more uplifters will grow fat. ¶ Technical note: Up until now your programs have been produced by live talent or on records. I just heard the first broadcast of sound placed on film, and so will you, soon, if the results are as promising as the first experiment. ¶ This month's "Don't" should be prolonged indefinitely until California's Captain Dobbsie is extinguished.

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THE
FORUM
AND · CENTURY

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

Next Month

WEARY FEET

Lauren Gilfillan

Forty-eight to fifty hours a week behind a counter, and a little more than seven dollars in your pay envelope! This recent graduate of Smith College obtained a job in one of the cheap department stores to find out how a shopgirl managed to live in New York on the starvation wages that were paid before the NRA became a reality. Her story is absorbing — and shocking.

WHAT RELIGION MEANS TO ME

Pearl Buck

The Editors take pardonable pride in presenting a distinguished paper by one of the outstanding women of her generation. (Third instalment in this series.)

A NATIONAL BARTER SYSTEM

Mordecai Ezekiel

If we can rebuild by 1937 the business structure which has been going to pieces since 1929, we shall be doing well, says the Economic Adviser to the Department of Agriculture. In this article he suggests the framework for a nation-wide system of barter, financed by the RFC.

THE MUNITIONS RACKET

Vita and Joseph Friend

The fascinating tale of the international ring of armament makers, and how it operates. In the World War, Krupp cannon were turned against German soldiers, and guns made by Vickers, in England, killed British soldiers in the Gallipoli campaign. This will help readers to understand why disarmament conferences fail.

THE LAST DROP OF BLOOD

Anonymous

A young kinswoman of a well-known American novelist found that collectors became very hard-boiled, once she had been caught by the depression. She has finished with suave-tongued salesmen and their easy-payment promises. Now she sees an unencumbered, hollyhocked cottage, without conveniences, as a major paradise.

JAPANOPHOBIA

Roy M. Frisen

The jingoes of Japan shake their fists and curse us across five thousand miles of water, and our jingoes shake their fists and curse back. War with Japan? How much sense does all this war-talk make? None whatever, says this American resident of Honolulu.

OTHER FEATURES

An account of the earnest, if unimportant, Communist organizations in this country, by Margaret Doty; a scientific paper, by John Langdon-Davies, in which he traces the connection between radioactivity and evolution.

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THE UNMARRIED WOMAN'S DILEMMA, Anonymous
I HOLD OFFICE, by Holmes M. Alexander
PARETO AND THE SOCIAL ORDER, by Bernard De Voto
ROCKEFELLER, RIVERA, AND ART, by Walter Pach

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TOASTS

DAVID OSTRINSKY came to the United States from Russia in 1910. After becoming a citizen of this country, in 1915, he attended Columbia University, where he specialized in economics. In 1930 he was one of a group of economists who made a survey of the Five-Year Plan.

ROBERT E. ROGERS is Associate Professor of English at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He is the author of *The Fine Art of Reading* and *How to Be Interesting*.

PAUL HUTCHINSON is Managing Editor of *The Christian Century*. Much of the material in his latest book, *The Ordeal of Western Religion*, originally appeared in THE FORUM.

H. G. WELLS, since the publication of his first book, *The Time Machine*, in 1895, has written, approximately, sixty-four others. His last one, *The Bulpington of Blup*, was published this year.

CHARLES J. DUTTON is a Unitarian minister and one of the leaders in the Humanistic movement in religion. He is the author of a biography of Father Damien and Brother Joseph, *The Samaritans of Molokai*, and has also written numerous short stories.

CHARLES T. HALLINAN lives in London, where he is engaged in buying and selling securities on the London Stock Exchange.

JANET CURREN OWEN, whose novel, *Family Reunion*, was recently published, lives in a small Connecticut town and spends her time endeavoring to subdue her children and write another book.

THE ANONYMOUS author of "My Mother-in-Law Lives with Us" has presented her solution to a domestic problem about which THE FORUM would like to hear more from the other side. Mothers-in-law are therefore invited to submit their answers to her article.

WILLIAM C. WHITE has spent much time, within the past few years, studying conditions in Germany, Poland, and Russia. He is the author of *These Russians*.

J. G. ANDERSSON is Professor of Geology at the University of Stockholm. He was leader of the Swedish Scientific Expedition in China.

ELIZABETH M. BISGOOD, during the past three years, traveled around the world, from Central America to England, with her husband, who is an engineer. At present, she is living on Long Island and writing a novel — her second.

WILLIAM ADAMS is working on a history of the North Atlantic which deals with its significance in western, post-Mediterranean civilization.

FRANCES FROST is writing a novel in lyric poetry, to be called *Woman of this Earth*. It will be published sometime next year.

CYRUS FISHER writes that he has become tremendously excited about the Polish card game, Spadowieszcz.

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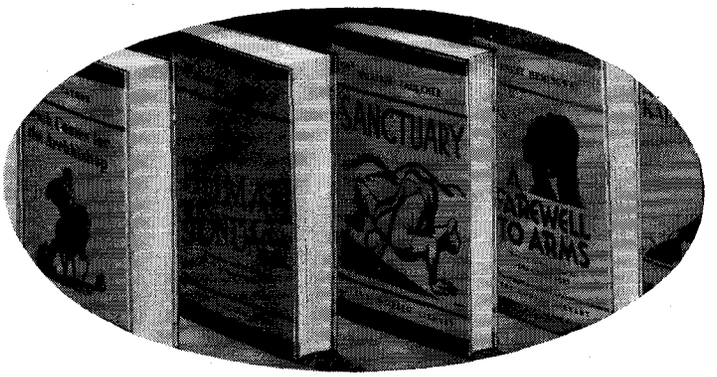

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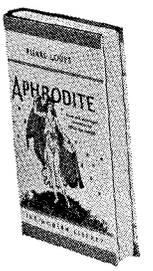
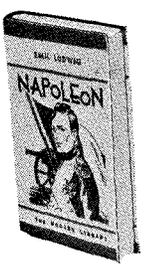
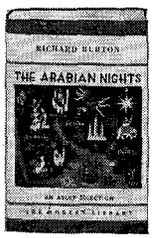
37 — ANNA KARENINA *Tolstoy*
42 — ARROWSMITH *Lewis*
47 — CANDIDE *Voltaire*
51 — LOVE'S COMING OF AGE *Carpenter*
53 — MADEMOISELLE DE MAUPIN *Gautier*
56 — LONGFELLOW'S POEMS
59 — SWANN'S WAY *Marcel Proust*
60 — THE PHILOSOPHY OF SPINOZA *Spinoza*
61 — SANCTUARY *Wm. Faulkner*
62 — GENEALOGY OF MORALS *Nietzsche*
66 — AN OUTLINE OF PSYCHOANALYSIS
69 — CAMILLE *Alexandre Dumas*
64 — JANE EYRE *Bronte*
71 — THE DECAMERON *Boccaccio*
72 — TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES *Thomas Hardy*
76 — THE EDUCATION OF HENRY ADAMS *Henry Adams*
77 — APHRODITE *Pierre Louys*



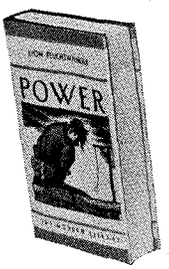
78 — TARTUFFE, THE MISANTHROPE, THE HIGHBROW LADIES, THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES, THE PHYSICIAN and THE MISER *Moliere*



79 — ALICE IN WONDERLAND, THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS and THE HUNTING OF THE SNARK *Lewis Carroll*
82 — POE'S BEST TALES *Edgar Allan Poe*
88 — THE GOLDEN ASS *Lucius Apulieus*
89 — GREEN MANSIONS *W. H. Hudson*
95 — NAPOLEON *Emil Ludwig*
103 — SAMUEL PEPYS' DIARY *Samuel Pepys*
109 — SONS AND LOVERS *D. H. Lawrence*
119 — MOBY DICK *Herman Melville*
120 — VILE BODIES *Evelyn Waugh*
121 — THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE *Thomas Hardy*
126 — THE CREAM OF THE JEST *Cabell*
128 — THE RAINBOW *D. H. Lawrence*
131 — VANITY FAIR *W. M. Thackeray*
132 — THE STORY OF AN AFRICAN FARM *Olive Schreiner*
138 — THE ROMANCE OF LEONARDO DA VINCI *Merejkowski*
142 — NANA *Emile Zola*
143 — THE THREE MUSKETEERS *Dumas*
147 — TRISTAM SHANDY *Laurence Sterne*
151 — BROTHERS KARAMAZOV *Dostoyevski*



161 — CANTERBURY TALES *Chaucer*
165 — MEMOIRS OF CASANOVA *Casanova*
170 — THE SUN ALSO RISES *Ernest Hemingway*
176 — OF HUMAN BONDAGE *Somerset Maugham*
178 — FORTITUDE *Hugh Walpole*



179 — THE MEDICI *G. F. Young*
180 — POINT COUNTER POINT *Aldous Huxley*
181 — THE PHILOSOPHY OF PLATO
184 — THE OLD WIVES' TALE *Arnold Bennett*
185 — TOM JONES *Fielding*
188 — THE LIVES OF THE TWELVE CAESARS *Seutonius*
191 — DEATH COMES FOR THE ARCHBISHOP *Willa Cather*
192 — A HISTORY OF THE BORGIAS *Corvo*
193 — DROLL STORIES *Balzac*
196 — THE TRAVELS OF MARCO POLO
199 — CRIME AND PUNISHMENT *Dostoyevski*
200 — THE MAGIC MOUNTAIN *Thomas Mann*
201 — THE ARABIAN NIGHTS *Richard Burton*
202 — CAPITAL AND OTHER WRITINGS *Karl Marx*
203 — YAMA THE PIT *Kuprin*
205 — THREE SOLDIERS *John Dos Passos*
206 — POWER *Lion Feuchtwanger*
207 — PETER IBBETSON *Du Maurier*
208 — THE DIVINE COMEDY *Dante*
209 — ANTIC HAY *Aldous Huxley*
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE, by Elizabeth Cambridge (Putnam, $2.00). It would be hard to imagine anything more familiar and unremarkable than the theme of this novel. Untried, inefficient, irresponsible, Catherine married William during the war and quickly settled down to the difficult task of being a doctor's wife in a small English town. William and Catherine were wretchedly poor; they had to struggle hard to rear their three children; half of the time they were too tired to think or to get much pleasure out of each other's company. Nevertheless they had courage and they were in love, and they learned how to treat their children with humor and detachment. Though their lives seemed uneventful and mediocre, even to those children, they realized as they approached middle age that the whole thing had been worth it, that they had had a wonderful time. In telling this simple, quiet story, in which nothing out of the ordinary happens, Miss Cambridge has entirely avoided sentimentality. She has written an honest, brilliantly convincing book, which has tenderness and warmth but no softness, which is undramatic without ever being dull.

THE COMPLETE NOVELS AND PLAYS OF SAKI (Viking, $3.00). Obviously, no admirer of Saki (H. H. Munro) needs any enticement to read this book. The mere announcement of its existence is sufficient. A companion volume to the collected short stories, it contains "The Unbearable Bassington," "When William Came," "The Westminster Alice," "The Watched Pot," and two short playlets. Saki was at his brilliant best, perhaps, in the short stories — a form more suited to his insouciant spirit and his epigrammatic wit — but these novels and plays are quite sufficiently characteristic to delight anyone, even so strange a bird as the reader who has never previously heard of Hector Munro.

THE TRAGEDY OF RUSSIA, by Will Durant (Simon & Schuster, $1.25). The Communists of America, to whom this book is dedicated, will scarcely be grateful for so dubious an attention, nor for Mr. Durant's anxiety that they, above all, should know the worst. In the summer of 1932, primed with sympathetic interest, Will Durant paid a brief visit to Russia. He came away disillusioned and disheartened, repelled by the poverty, the serfdom, the political tyranny, the dreary regimentation which, he says, met him on all sides. A believer in liberty, he could find liberty nowhere. His final impression was that the Soviet was achieving the industrialization of a country, but that it had no desirable Utopia to offer. Will Durant is always readable, and his informal report has a certain freshness and

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

no doubt a certain truth. It is palpably one-sided, however, and too many of his statements are based on the books of anti-Soviet writers rather than on first-hand observation. He is eminently plausible, in the manner of a *Herald-Tribune* editorial, but one would be unwise to put too much credence in his verdict, even if it is in pleasant contrast to the warmed-over, official hand-outs which so often serve as studies of modern Russia.

STRANGER'S RETURN, by Phil Stong (Harcourt, Brace, $2.00). It is possible that Phil Stong may become a menace. One day or another, visitors to Iowa are going to be sadly disappointed because they do not encounter at every crossroad farm folk as salty, as original, as amusing as the typical characters of a Stong novel. They will demand a Grandpa Storr, lovable and acidly ironic; drunken philosophers with the charm of Simon, the hired man; and handsome young farmers who can quote Whitman. In *Stranger's Return* this trio immediately capitulated to Louise Storr when she fled to the ancestral farm from Greenwich Village and an unsatisfactory husband. They defended her against the jealous, quarrelsome relatives who resented her intrusion; they recognized that she was one of them in her love for the soil. Although it is a slighter, less robust tale than *State Fair*, *Stranger's Return* has much of the same easy charm. Phil Stong's Iowa is a place of enchantment. One is willingly bemused, even though it is evident that he is an arrant sentimentalist and that he has glossed over the sterner features of present-day farm life in the Middle West.

PULL DEVIL, PULL BAKER, by Stella Benson and Count Nicolas De Toulouse Lautrec De Savine (Harper, $2.50). Trader Horn and Baron Munchausen are faced with a new competitor. In the Free Hospital at Hongkong, Stella Benson ran across a dauntless old pauper who claimed descent from the most "distinguiched aristocratic famelys" of France, Russia, and Poland, and who pined to recount his own miraculous exploits. The result was a collaboration as diverting as it is original. In wildly implausible English the Count de Savine writes of his adventures as a Russian Guardsman, as a fugitive from the Tsar's "shemefull" tyranny, as a claimant to the throne of Bulgaria, as a familiar of America's "cruc millionairs," and, always, as a prodigious lover of women. He sees himself invariably in a heroic rôle; he knew everybody of wealth and importance everywhere; even if half his narrative is untrue, *something*, as Stella Benson says, must have happened to the Count de Savine, to enable him to describe *everything*. Miss Benson's share in the collaboration has been to preserve, very tactfully, the Count's own amazing style, to comment and interpret with her usual wit and charm, to expand some of his anecdotes into brief short stories — in short to act as an accomplished impresario. Miss Benson is a very clever novelist, and it is just possible that the Count de Savine is wholly a creature of her fancy. One prefers, however, to take her word for his existence — and anyway it doesn't much matter. *Pull Devil, Pull Baker* is a delightful book whether classed as fiction or as fact.

THE JOURNAL OF ARNOLD BENNETT, Vol. 3 (Viking, $3.00). This third and final volume of Arnold Bennett's journal covers the years 1921–1928, a period in which he was as prolific as usual but in which he wrote very little worth remembering. By this time success had ruined him artistically, though it had brought him a large portion of this world's pleasures. It is these pleasures that lend the book its chief interest — his acquaintance among the great and the moneyed, his travels. A certain naïveté marks his record of these triumphs: he never quite got over being amazed that he, once a poor, struggling unknown, should be friendly with Otto Kahn and Lord Beaverbrook. As always, his diary is largely concerned with the number of words he wrote daily and with the price he got for them. As always, too, it is intensely interesting and human. The three volumes of the journal (the publishers are also issuing a one-volume unabridged edition) are worth all of his later novels put together. An honest man, and a shrewd one, Bennett here writes for himself — and when he wrote for himself he was at his best. He is probably the outstanding modern example of a writer who escaped genius by a hair's breadth. But one feels after reading his journal that he preferred to be as he was. After all, the earthly rewards are greater — and in his opinion earthly rewards were the most satisfying.

TANDEM, by Violet Trefusis (Putnam, $2.00). There is a curious rococco charm about this tale of two brilliant Greek girls, bred in France, who remained always a little aloof and alien from the life about them. Pénélope Demetriades married a French duke and became a famous novelist; the gentler, quieter Irène married the grandson of an English lord and died young. Both rejected emotional depths, and both were somehow failures as women. The childhood of the two sisters in a Riviera villa, their Paris début in 1900, their ventures into the world of high society are handled by Miss Trefusis with enchanting humor and adroitness. *Tandem* has a remote, fairy-tale quality, but in its own fragile way it is admirably done.

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